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NATIONAL REVIEW

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by Byron York

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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 2002. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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December 23 issue; printed December 5

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WORLD WIDE WEB http://www.nationalreview.com
MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330
SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232
WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226
ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
Executive Publisher Scott F. Budd
Advertising Manager Elizabeth Capano
Account Executives
Aaron Cohen / Jim Fowler
Detroit Rep. Joseph J. Colucci 248-626-9918

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■ LETTERS ■

BRING ON THE MOUNTIES!

Jonah Goldberg's jingoistic piece, "Bomb Canada" (Nov. 25), reminds me of Pierre Trudeau's remark that living as a neighbor of the U.S. is like going to bed with a 1,000-pound gorilla. Mr. Goldberg's best hope is that Attorney General Ashcroft will close our northern border lest he be kidnapped by the Mounties and tried in Ottawa for terrorism.

In the spirit of NAFTA, he should get over the War of 1812 and learn to love his neighbor.

Alvin J. Silk
Osterville, Mass.

In response to your disgusting cover calling Canadians wimps because of our refusal to go to war with George W. Bush: We are not surprised, given your kosher conservative position. In a nation where countless children are in the hands of pedophiles, you have nothing to lecture anyone about.

Robert Mladzinski-Smith
Nationalist Party of Canada
Toronto, Canada

The article was well written and much enjoyed. Frustration does lead to poetry. As Robertson Davies points out, Canada was explored, settled, and developed by people who *didn't want to be there in the first place.* That is a whole lot of rejection to deal with, and might explain some of the national attitude.

Lawrence R. Taylor
Cedar Mountain, N.C.

Mr. Goldberg's assessment is brutally honest, but his tone has a mature sensibility toward the Canadians, who, he points out, are "by and large, a wonderfully decent and friendly bunch."

Would that such a kick-in-the-pants would induce Canadians into a "Let's roll" mode!

Katie Wright
Wayne, Pa.

I do not wish to bomb the Canadians, but they should appreciate that had they not for two centuries been able to grab hold of our economic coattails they would today be living in wigwams.

Joe Shewmon
Libertyville, Ill.

Ease up on Canada. Although there are a lot of crazy things going on there, is it really that much worse than down here? Is Mr. Chrétien any more wacked out than Mr. Gore, Ms. Streisand, or Mrs. Clinton?

George Bolton
Carlsbad, Calif.

Canada will always hold Americans as our closest friends. The outpouring of grief that overcame Canadians after 9/11 could not have been more intense or genuine. Please do not confuse our different values and policies with anti-Americanism.

Craig Jones
Vancouver, Canada

(DEATH-) TAX THE RICH!

In his Nov. 25 article, "Death and Taxes," Ramesh Ponnuru used only ten words of his three columns of rhetoric to explain that estates valued at less than $675,000 are exempt from estate taxes. He spent the balance of the three columns on double-talk drumming up support for repeal of the tax.

I polled 39 of our 50-member senior center. Not one person knew or believed there was a $675,000 exemption, or any exemption at all.

M. Lorrayne Burton
Central Square, N.Y.

OFFENDED IN SUNNYVALE

I cherish NR as a reasoned respite from the vulgar. But in the Nov. 11 issue, the magazine of elegance and literacy tells me that Musharraf is "an SOB," Clinton is "a louse," and Belafonte is "a horse's ass."

This is low-class name-calling and a discouraging display of poverty-stricken language.

Please repent.

Elizabeth L. Erickson
Sunnyvale, Calif.

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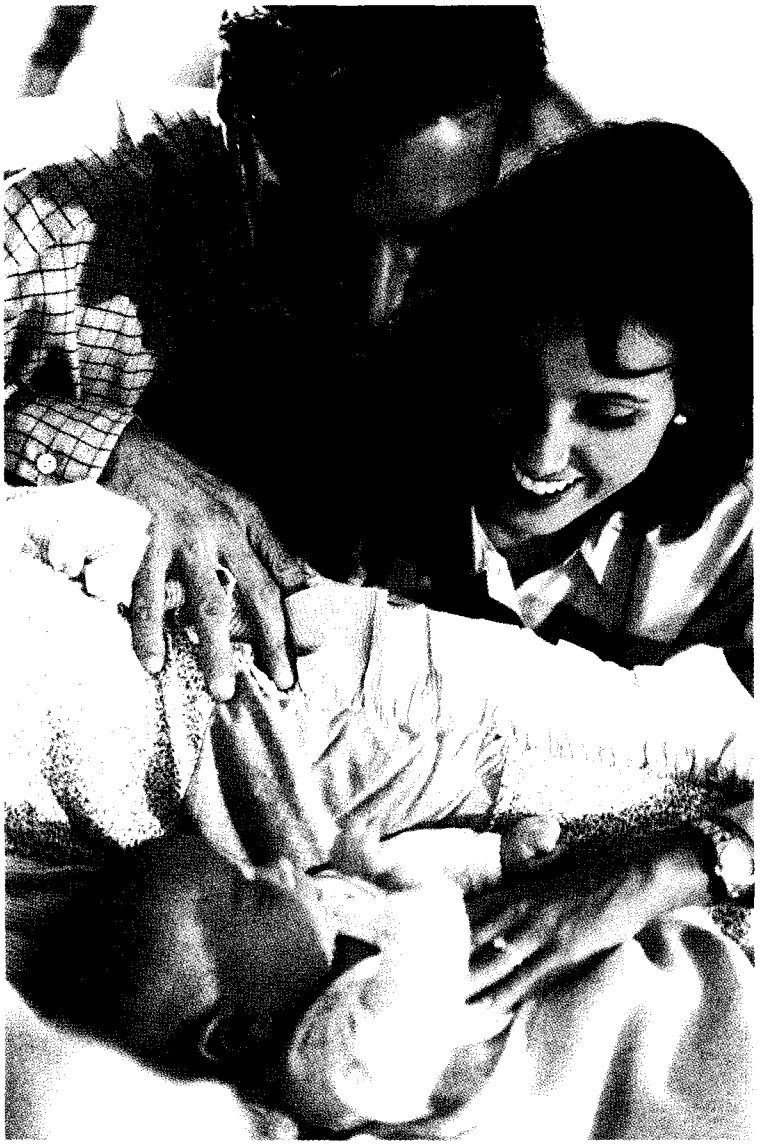

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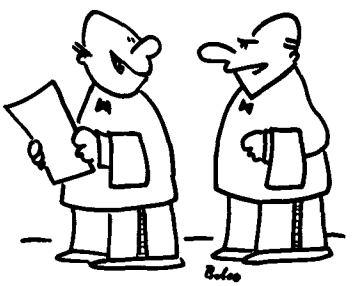
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ In Fox News poll, President **Bush** scores 68 percent approval rating. . . . Bush in Prague: "**Saddam Hussein** has been given a very short time to declare completely and truthfully his arsenal of terror. Should he again deny that this arsenal exists, he will have entered his final stage with a lie. And deception this time will not be tolerated. Delay and defiance will invite the severest of consequences." . . . In CNN/*USA Today* poll, 58 percent support invasion of Iraq to remove Hussein from power, and 37 percent oppose. . . . Homeland security secretary-designate **Tom Ridge**: "We are far safer than we were on Sept. 11." . . . Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.) on job Ridge will face, in *New York Times*: "It's like asking Noah to build the ark after the rain has started to fall." . . . In *New York Times*/CBS News poll, 62 percent say U.S. will not have won war in Afghanistan until **Osama bin Laden** is captured or killed. . . . Bush picks former federal prosecutor **Michael Garcia** to head Immigration and Naturalization Service.

■ Sen. **Bill Frist** (R., Tenn.) promises to offer comprehensive Medicare-reform plan in January. . . . Rep. **Tom Tancredo** (R., Colo.), who says he will ditch term-limit pledge and run again for Congress, may face 2004 primary challenge from state treasurer **Mike Coffman**. . . . Retiring congressmen **Dick Armey** (R., Tex.) and **Bob Barr** (R., Ga.) agree to become consultants for ACLU on privacy and national-security issues. . . . As former Sen. **Carol Moseley-Braun** (D., Ill.) mulls comeback bid, Rep. **Ray LaHood** (R., Ill.) says Sen. **Peter Fitzgerald** (R., Ill.) should have primary opponent. "I think we can do better than him," says LaHood, in *Chicago Sun-Times*. . . . **Thurmond** family friend **Bettis Rainsford**, in *New York Times*: "We have a saying down here in South Carolina: There are a lot of politicians in their graves waiting on Senator Thurmond to die."

■ GOP pollster **Matthew Dowd** tells Republican Governors Association that winning same percentage of the white, black, and Hispanic votes in 2004 as in 2000 could mean losing next presidential election by 3 million votes. . . . Republican strategist **Mike Murphy** on November elections: "It was an extremely close election, and despite our victories, we got wiped out in the industrial Midwest." . . . Traditionally bipartisan business associations increase their political giving to GOP—$7 million annual advantage has grown to nearly $100 million over past decade. Says **Grover Norquist** of Americans for Tax Reform, in *Washington Post*: "Just like the Democrats get a 90–10 split from the trial lawyers and labor, we will have 90–10 [in the staffing] on K Street and 90–10 business giving." . . . States face collective budget shortfall of $40 billion, according to National Governors Association.



"It's the 'wine list,' Dunbar—stop calling it the 'boozers' manual.'"

■ In *New York Times*/CBS News poll, 19 percent say they have favorable opinion of **Al Gore** and 43 percent say unfavorable. . . . Sen. **Dianne Feinstein** (D., Calif.) on Gore, in *San Francisco Chronicle*: "I can't quite figure out yet who he is." . . . Gore's new book, *Joined at the Heart*, fails to crack bestseller lists.

■ White House adviser **Karl Rove** on Gov. **Bill Owens** (R., Colo.), in *Denver Post*: "Higher things can be expected of him." . . . In Fox News poll, 62 percent say Gov. **Jeb Bush** (R., Fla.) should not run for president in 2008. Among Republicans, 46 percent say he should not run and 20 percent say he should. . . . Massachusetts senator **John Kerry** (D.) is running for president; announces formation of exploratory committee on *Meet the Press*. . . . Sen. **John McCain** (R., Ariz.) on whether he is "open to the idea" of being running mate of Sen. Kerry, on ABC: "No." . . . Gov. **Howard Dean** (D., Vt.), on Fox News: "I think the economy is not likely to recover under this president's economic policies. There was a great saying, at one time, that if we really wanted to get rid of Saddam Hussein, what we should do is send the president's economic team over to advise Saddam Hussein on the economy of Iraq, and that would be the end of Saddam Hussein. I think, unfortunately, unless we do that, we're going to have more trouble here at home."

■ Air Transport Association president **Carol Hallett** says it may be necessary to nationalize airlines in order to save them. . . . Reagan administration veteran **Elliott Abrams**, after serving a year on National Security Council staff, is promoted to senior position, head of NSC office for Near East and North African Affairs. . . . Supreme Court agrees to take up Texas sodomy-law case; Court's decision expected to indicate how it will rule in challenges to Defense of Marriage Act. . . . Domino's Pizza founder **Tom Monaghan** pledges at least $220 million to build Ave Maria University in Florida; will be country's first new Catholic university in 40 years.

■ Israeli foreign minister **Benjamin Netanyahu** on terrorist attacks in Kenya: "Today, they're firing the missiles at Israeli planes. Tomorrow, they'll fire missiles at American planes, British planes, every country's aircraft." . . . Russian president **Vladimir Putin** reinstates Soviet red star as official military emblem. . . . Sweden schedules September referendum on adopting euro; if approved, Britain and Denmark would remain only EU countries not to use it.

■ **Andrew Sullivan** on possibility of **Arnold Schwarzenegger** running as Republican, on andrewsullivan.com: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if the real Kennedy comeback were via an Austrian steroidal import?" **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ Saddam Hussein has been a very naughty boy and may need a spanking. If so, Hans Blix has the right man for the job: Jack McGeorge of Woodbridge, Va., U.N. weapons inspector and co-founder of a group called Black Rose—dedicated to S&M. Really.

■ Sen. John Kerry is the latest liberal Democrat from Massachusetts to run for president. On December 1, he announced that he's forming a committee to raise funds for his party's nomination. As a decorated Vietnam vet, Kerry will first try to distinguish himself with his biography. He will eventually have to turn to issues, however, and on the domestic front he offers little more than the left-wing fare of hostility to tax cuts and school choice. On foreign policy, Kerry can play a more useful role, though he's no hawk—he opposed the Gulf War a decade ago and is not a fan of military action in Iraq now. His criticism earlier this year of George W. Bush's failure to kill or capture Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan may have been opportunistic—but it may also have been correct. Pressing this theme would serve the public interest, insofar as it encourages the administration to risk troops when the cause is important enough. So would robust criticism of the Saudi regime. Most Democrats spent 2002 wishing away the war on terrorism, because they saw it as benefiting the GOP. It's not going away. Kerry is hereby invited to prove that Democrats have their own contribution to make to the war effort.

■ The bombing of an Israeli-owned hotel on Kenya's Indian Ocean coast, plus the unsuccessful attempt to shoot down an Israeli airliner bound from Mombasa to Tel Aviv with shoulder-launched missiles, invert Flannery O'Connor. Everything that sinks must converge. The hand of al-Qaeda, or some clone, is all over them. The bin Ladenites rail against Zionists and Jews; how natural that they would turn to Israeli targets, sealing their sympathy with Palestinian terrorists and their sponsors. No defense, however thorough, can stifle every assault. The civilized world must punish terrorism's suppliers and cheerleaders. The leadership of that fight has fallen, after 9/11, to the United States. As NRO contributor Michael Ledeen constantly intones: Faster, please.

■ In deciding whether to make a smallpox vaccine available to Americans who wish to be inoculated, President Bush faces a classic case of weighing the alternative risks. According to government officials, Iraq, along with North Korea and Russia, has stockpiles of the deadly virus. Dr. Richard Spertzel, the U.N.'s former chief biological-weapons inspector, has testified that an "errand boy," with no specialized knowledge, could easily deliver a small amount to devastating effect. Released in an office building, the virus would kill 30 percent of those exposed. During the incubation period, ten additional people would be exposed for each person initially infected. Simultaneous attacks would infect thousands, and in turn tens of thousands. Unthinkable? So was the idea that hijacked airplanes would be slammed into skyscrapers filled with workers. In the 1960s, when there were mass inoculations, 15 out of every million people being vaccinated for the first time had severe complications, and one or two died. But a mass vaccination program today could screen out those most at risk for serious complications. And a semi-mass vaccination program is already in the works. A panel of bioterrorism experts has recommended that 500,000 health-care workers be inoculated immediately, and that the vaccine be made available to 10 million emergency workers; but the panel opposed mass inoculations. A pox on them. A president who repeatedly insists that he trusts the American people should trust them to weigh the risks of getting the vaccine for themselves.

■ As if going for socialized medicine weren't enough, Al Gore has continued his leftward lurch by co-authoring *Joined at the Heart*, a book about the American family, with his wife Tipper. On the surface, *Joined at the Heart* is a moderately liberal love letter to the American family. The Gores encourage novel family forms, while still worrying about high divorce rates and single parenting. In reality, the book rests on a breathtakingly radical premise—that the formal legal structure of the family is outdated and irrelevant, and should be set aside by the courts. As long as a group of people love one another, say the Gores—as long as they're "joined at the heart"—the law shouldn't prevent them from being considered a family. If this theory is adopted by the courts, not only gay marriage, but polygamy and group marriage are sure to follow. Once that happens, we'll see a massive spike in divorce and single mothering—the very things the Gores say they abhor. The Gores may be joined at the heart, but they are unfortunately adrift at the head.

■ The homeless are back on the streets of Michael Bloomberg's New York: AN EXPLOSION OF THE HOMELESS, headlined the New York *Daily News*; up by 13 percent since July 1, said the *New York Times*. When street life is marginally onerous, many even of the unfortunate find ways to avoid it. But all the experience of the Giuliani years has been unlearned. What else could be expected from a mayor intent on taxing commuters, seeking handouts from Albany and Washington, and making the bars smoke-free?

■ When Nigerian journalist Isioma Daniel wrote that the

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contestants of the Miss World beauty pageant, then being held in Abuja, might well have supplied Muhammad with a wife, Muslim mobs attacked Christians, and Muslim leaders issued a fatwa against Daniel. Hundreds of Nigerians died in the ensuing riots; Daniel fled to the United States. Shame, in ascending order, on the Miss World organizers, who whisked their contest to London without a word of complaint; on journalists worldwide, who wrote up the violence as an even-handed religious spat, as if Nigerian Christians were co-aggressors, not victims; and on Olusegun Obasanjo, Nigeria's president, who blamed the violence on "irresponsible journalism . . . committed against Islam." The crowners of beauty queens are not politicians. But journalists and leaders should speak the truth about feral sectaries.

■ Things are in a bad way all over the Third World, but few countries are more comprehensively wretched than Sudan, now in the 20th year of a grisly civil war between the Islamic north and the Christian south, with a death toll of more than 2 million, and such incidental brutalities as mass deportations, a flourishing slave trade, and chronic banditry. South-Sudanese female writer Kola Boof, who lives in California, has been exposing the atrocities of Sudan's Islamic rulers for years. Now the Islamists have struck back at her. In response to her latest book, a collection of short stories about the sufferings of her people, a fatwa has been issued against Ms. Boof, calling for her to be killed by beheading. The truly shocking thing here is that the fatwa was issued by an Islamic court *in London*, and announced to the world by a London-based Sudanese diplomat. The leader of Sudan's ruling party later confirmed the fatwa. Ms. Boof had previously been threatened with death by none other than Osama bin Laden, who told her, in a 1998 telephone conversation: "If I had the time to waste, I would slit your throat myself."

■ The last time relations between the U.S. and Canadian governments were this bad might have been in 1965. While on a visit to the States, prime minister Lester Pearson criticized U.S. policy in Vietnam. In a private meeting Lyndon Johnson burst into an hour-long purple rage. He flayed Pearson, shouting, "You don't come here and piss on my rug!" More recently, at the NATO summit in Prague, Françoise Ducros—the communications director for prime minister Jean Chrétien—called the president of the United States a "moron." At first Mme Ducros was defiant, but then she apologized to the prime minister (though not to Bush), and then she, reluctantly, offered Chrétien her resignation, which the PM rejected. All of this took place against a backdrop of growing frustration among White House officials with Canada's obstreperousness about the war on terrorism and its general anti-American boorishness—chronicled in our Nov. 25 issue by Jonah Goldberg. On November 26, Ms. Ducros finally resigned after a ten-minute segment on CNN's *Crossfire* (featuring Goldberg), because, in the words of a *Toronto Sun* columnist, the cable spat made the story "too big to ignore." Which is doubly noteworthy. Not only is Ducros gone, but the precipitating event proves one of our writer's points: that Canadians are unhealthily obsessed with what America thinks of them.

■ NATO admitted seven new member nations at its Prague summit—Slovakia, Slovenia, Romania, Bulgaria, Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. Perhaps not since the Congress of Vienna has so much of Europe been peacefully linked, with the addition of the indispensable balance wheel and peacekeeper, the United States. The summit agreed to form a 21,000-man Response Force, to operate outside Europe, whence most of the threats to civilization will be coming. Big items on the agenda for the future involve reassurance: of Russia, that the alliance is not directed against it, so long as there is no reversion to Soviet-era behavior; and of NATO-member Turkey, that if the European Alliance continues to reject its bid for membership, its true home is still the Western world, not the chaos and old night of Islamism.

■ King Constantine, onetime monarch of Greece, won a big victory in the European Court of Human Rights: The government in Athens must compensate him for the property stolen from him in 1967, when he fled after a military coup. Now, if only the Greeks will let him back into the country—say, for the 2004 Olympics. Constantine has been barred from setting foot on Greek soil. What does the government have to fear? That democracy will crumble if this gentleman does a little sightseeing and visits old friends? Is the Greek government so insecure as that? And is democracy so fragile in the land of its birth? The readmission of Constantine will be an indication of national health and self-confidence.

■ The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation recently announced a $100 million grant to launch the India AIDS Initiative, which will focus on prevention and education. This latest grant is in addition to the $450 million the Gates Foundation previously committed to the battle against AIDS. Some 4 million people in India are currently infected with HIV, and U.S. government officials estimate that by 2010 India could have over 25 million people infected. Bill Gates hopes to help India avoid the devastating spread of the disease that has afflicted sub-Saharan Africa. His gift, however, was not universally welcomed. India's health minister accused him of "spreading panic" about AIDS. Some cynics suggested that because Microsoft has invested $400 million in India, Gates's motive is more Big Businessman than Good Samaritan. Others sniff that the donation represents a relative pittance given the CEO's billions. Please. Countless African lives could have been saved had more governments reacted in the early stages of their epidemics with a measure of "panic" rather than indifference. And if India is near the front of Gates's mind because of his business—so what?

■ The Bundesnachrichtendienst, or BND, is Germany's secret service, custodian of the nation's secrets, whatever they may be in this age of European harmony. Apparently tired of the obscurity that, you might have supposed, goes unavoidably with that line of work, the BND is going to open

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Leaving Many Children Behind

Chester E. Finn Jr. is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution; a member of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and president of the Thomas B. Fordham Foundation.

Question: When the public school system fox is placed in charge of the school choice henhouse, what happens? Answer: Not much choice.

When Congress passed the No Child Left Behind Act last year, it said that any child trapped in a federally aided public school that has failed for two straight years to make adequate progress toward its state's academic standards has a right to attend another public (or charter) school located within the same district.

This is a bobtail version of President George W. Bush's original proposal, which included private schools and public schools in other districts. But Congress balked at "vouchers." Then the education establishment pressed lawmakers to confine kids' options to schools in their present districts. Hence Los Angeles children have no right to enroll in the fine schools of Beverly Hills.

This halfhearted choice provision was supposed to take immediate effect for pupils in more than 8,000 schools that have already lingered for two years or more on their states' lists of education failures. School districts across America were flabbergasted to learn this past summer that they were expected to provide options for those millions of youngsters in 2002–3.

How did they respond? A handful behaved as they should. But many more balked and resisted, dawdling until it grew too late for kids to switch, ignoring the law entirely, or reinterpreting it in ways that suited them.

In a matter of weeks, Ohio whittled its list of failing Title I schools from 760 to 212—not by improving the others but by fiddling with test scores and standards. Rural South Carolina districts claimed that they have so few schools that there is really nothing to choose among. Kentucky chose to wait until mid-September to finalize its list of eligible schools, aware that once the school year was under way, fewer families would want to move their children.

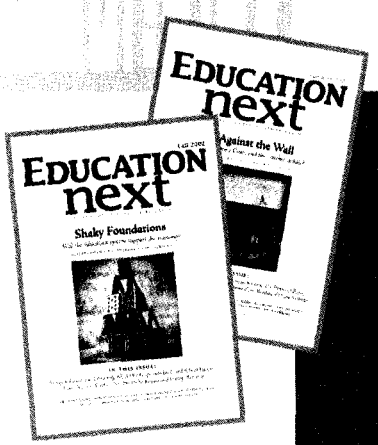
Besides foot-dragging, some communities faced genuine problems of capacity. In Baltimore, where 30,000 children are enrolled in failing schools, the district said it had just two hundred openings in better ones. In Chicago, a staggering 125,000 kids in 179 schools were originally deemed eligible to transfer, but the system somehow cut that list to fifty schools and then opted to "pair" these with other schools rather than giving kids a full range of options.

Despite such shenanigans, some youngsters changed schools. Denver estimated that as many as 5,000 pupils did so. When all is said and done, however, it was a few thousand poor children, not millions, who were able to escape bad schools for better ones. **The big story is the widespread flouting of the new law's intent—and a federal government that can do little to make recalcitrant states and districts mend their ways.**

What we are really seeing, once again, is how the public education establishment despises school choice, how little it will bestir itself to assist poor families trapped in failing schools to gain access to better ones, and how the hardball tactics it deploys keep lawmakers from adding more exit doors.

— *Chester E. Finn Jr.*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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a retail outlet. Starting sometime soon, you will be able to buy T-shirts, stationery, jackets, and men's underwear (BND BVDs?) emblazoned with expressions like TOP SECRET and CLASSIFIED. Grumbled a BND spokesperson, when asked about the proposed store: "This information was not supposed to get out. The shop isn't due to open until next year." It was a secret, you see, but got leaked to the press somehow. Possibly the plans were filed in the wrong folder . . . or underdrawers.

■ On November 13, police mounted dawn raids on some 150 addresses in London, arresting over 90 people on suspicion of having committed "hate crimes." The BBC's website noted that "twenty-seven people have been charged, including one for rape, but most have been arrested on suspicion of making racist threats and of homophobic harassment." The rather astonishingly named Commander Cressida Dick explained to reporters: "We want the offenders who hate, hurt, and harm others to know the Met will do everything in its power to find them out and put a stop to their crime." We would make the obligatory joke about the Thought Police, but surely even Orwell's goons had better taste than to pretend that speech, however offensive, is the same kind of crime as rape.

■ *Bien-pensants* on the newly formed Committee on Healthy Diversity at Harvard Law School are busy at work devising a speech code to soothe the sensitivities of black activists. Following a series of minor racial incidents last spring, cries of racism went up, Cornel West charged in, and the administration began discussing the need for diversity and sensitivity training and a speech code (which goes by the name of a "harassment policy"). Leaving aside the sheer nuttiness of believing that racism, institutional or otherwise, exists at Harvard Law School, there is a more obvious point to be made here: Complaints by the Black Law Students Association of "chilled speech" and intimidation are being resolved by . . . chilling speech and intimidating students and professors.

■ "It's hard to know whom to root for," chuckled a conservative jurist of our acquaintance. He was talking about the controversy instigated by the Muslim Legal Defense and Education Fund, which has lodged a professional complaint against Harvard law prof Alan Dershowitz. The Muslims have asked the Massachusetts Board of Bar Overseers, the state's legal disciplinary authority, to punish Dersh for urging the Israelis to respond to suicide bombings by demolishing houses in the bombers' villages. The petitioners say Dershowitz is advocating war crimes. A number of lawyers have weighed in to say the charge is nonsense and a clear attempt by the Muslim lawyers group to stifle free speech—which is why our conservative jurist friend quite rightly took Dershowitz's side. In fact, the complaint is so frivolous that the Muslim lawyers who raised it may face disciplinary action themselves, some experts say. Let's hope so. There is an ugly trend of Islamic groups in the West attempting to use the system to quash speech they dislike. In France, they've sued unsuccessfully in court, citing hate-speech laws. With no hope of succeeding on that front against The Dersh, they're trying rather desperately to manipulate a professional association. Alas for them, America has a Constitution, not shari'a, and Muslims who intend to practice law in this country must be made to understand that.

■ Jazlyn Bradley of Brooklyn, N.Y., is 19 years old, 5 foot 6 inches tall, and weighs 270 pounds. Ashley Pelman, of the Bronx, is 14 years old, 4 foot 10, and weighs 170 pounds. Naturally, someone must be to blame for this regrettable state of affairs; and, just as naturally, the fearless trial lawyers of America know who it is—McDonald's! In a class-action lawsuit against the fast-food chain, the Misses Bradley and Pelman, together with some other city teens, are suing McDonald's for damages related to their obesity. Miss Bradley claims to have eaten twice a day at McDonald's for years. Declared her father in an affidavit: "I always believed McDonald's was healthy for my children." Whether this suit will get very far in the court system is still uncertain; but we do hope that someone in authority will find a way to prosecute Mr. Bradley and the parents of the other teen plaintiffs for incorrigible stupidity.

■ A gun distributor has been found liable for a murder, in a decision celebrated by armophobes. The case involved a teenage boy who stole a neighbor's gun and shot a teacher in the face, killing him. The jury found Valor Corp., the gun distributor, partly responsible for the murder, arguing that it was negligent for not including a safety feature, such as a lock, on a gun obtained legally by a man uninvolved in the crime. This is the first time a gun company has been found liable for supplying a gun without a lock, and we are quite sure it will not be the last. Inexplicably, the jury ignored Valor Corp.'s further offense of distributing a gun that included a trigger.

■ "There's a sexual revolution going on in America," the *Newsweek* article begins, and you think: Oh brother, here we go again. But read on. The magazine reports that there is among teenagers "a new counterculture" made up of kids who have decided to postpone sex until marriage. A recent Centers for Disease Control study finds that the number of high-schoolers who say they've never had sex rose 10 percent between 1991 and 2001. Crediting (or blaming) the efforts of "cultural conservatives and evangelical Christians" for the reversal, the magazine spoke to American teenagers who gainsay the media-created stereotype of teen virgins as prudes. Religious faith plays a key role in the decisions these teens made for chastity, but it doesn't tell the whole story. Parents who care enough to be open and blunt with their children about their expectations for moral behavior are also an important factor. "It's amazing, but they did listen," one mom confessed. What Tom Wolfe called The Great Relearning may have begun. The Bush administration is asking for $135 million more to fund abstinence-education programs in public schools. The new data prove it's money well spent.

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■ As of November 25, the *New York Times* had run 32 stories on the fact that Augusta National Golf Club has no female members. Many of those stories appeared on Page One. In an important and somewhat brave article—also published in *Newsweek*—Seth Mnookin quoted a *Times* staffer: "That was just shocking [referring to one particularly appalling story, part of the paper's crusade]. It makes it hard for us to have credibility on other issues." Mnookin outlined the ways in which the *Times*'s new editor, Howell Raines, has made the paper more left, less newsy, and more advocacy-laden. Wrote Mnookin, "The Masters coverage is so overheated, one staffer says, that [Raines] is 'in danger of losing the building.'" Good. First "the building," then . . .?

■ What's the most reprehensible thing you've read in, oh, the last six months? Here is a candidate, from a movie review by David Denby in *The New Yorker*: "People who are convinced that Eminem is destroying America might want to consider the delicacy of the white-black friendships in '8 Mile.' (Perhaps the spectre of such friendships is what right-wingers actually hate most.)" That's right: We're trying to keep blacks and whites from being friends with each other, now that the Emancipation Proclamation has gone and cost us our slaves. *The New Yorker*, a great magazine, and David Remnick, its editor, and a great journalist, should be ashamed.

■ According to those who knew her, Mary Stachowicz was a faithful Catholic who devoted herself to good works. "She was a Eucharistic minister, assisted in distributing food to the poor, and anytime there was anything to be volunteered for, she volunteered," said her parish priest. The 51-year-old woman may have thought herself on an errand of mercy when she left daily Mass to visit Nicholas Gutierrez, 19, a troubled acquaintance. As Gutierrez later told police, Stachowicz angered him when she asked the homosexual young man, "Why do you [have sex with] boys instead of girls?" According to police, "The defendant punched and kicked and stabbed the victim until he was tired. He then placed a plastic garbage bag over her head and strangled her." We do not believe in the concept of "hate crime," but for those who do, the murder of Mary Stachowicz would appear to be an open-and-shut case. Yet Chicago authorities see no evidence of a bias crime. Nor has there been any notice paid by the national media, which devoted enormous attention to the vicious murder of the homosexual Matthew Shepard. We wish we were surprised.

■ In November, fire-department officials in Omaha, Neb., offered five of seven captain's jobs to white men who had scored at the top of their class on an advancement test. Under affirmative-action rules, however, the next promotion was then offered to first a white woman (ranked 24th), then a black man (36th), and then another white woman (37th)—all of whom turned it down, saying they preferred to wait to be promoted by merit. "You have people in a fire station trying to work together, live together," one fireman explained to reporters. "To have someone take a promotion based on race—not where they finished on the test—that's very frustrating to a number of people." The firemen's boycott sent a clear message. Will Omaha's rulemakers listen?

■ John F. Kennedy, for years before his presidency and during his brief service in the Oval Office, was a sick man. This almost certainly had an effect on his performance of his duties. For years, his condition had been assiduously concealed by the keepers of the Kennedy myth. But now many of the facts have been revealed by historian Robert Dallek, who has had access to the records. It is remarkable that Kennedy lived to be president. He had suffered from adolescent venereal disease and later from attendant urinary and prostate conditions. He also had life-threatening Addison's disease, and through his father's influence got into the Navy without a physical examination. His immune system was defective, leading to repeated infections. His osteoporosis led to excruciating spinal weaknesses. He required continual hormone injections. Despite all this, he was presented to the American people as a young man of vigor and athleticism. File it under "Great Presidential Myths," near "Camelot."

■ The atmosphere of medieval European university cities, which saw frequent pitched battles between "town" and "gown," seems to be returning to 21st-century America. When Ohio State defeated Michigan in a football game recently, the victory celebrations degenerated into a riot that left downtown Columbus littered with overturned cars and impromptu bonfires. Police made 54 arrests, described as "mostly white men in their late teens and 20s." Several were students at OSU. This incident followed a similar disturbance this April in St. Paul, following the NCAA hockey championship, when police made about 25 arrests. Last year at Purdue, students rioted after a *women's* basketball game. What we want to know is: In between political agitation,

Kissinger Cometh

The FBI, still flailing like
G-men on runningboards
Hell-bent on nabbing Al Capone,
Cocks ears as distant chords
(Wagnerian is Henry's mode)
Suggest it's time to look
More James Bond than J. Edgar, and
Stop booking every crook.

—W. H. von Dreele

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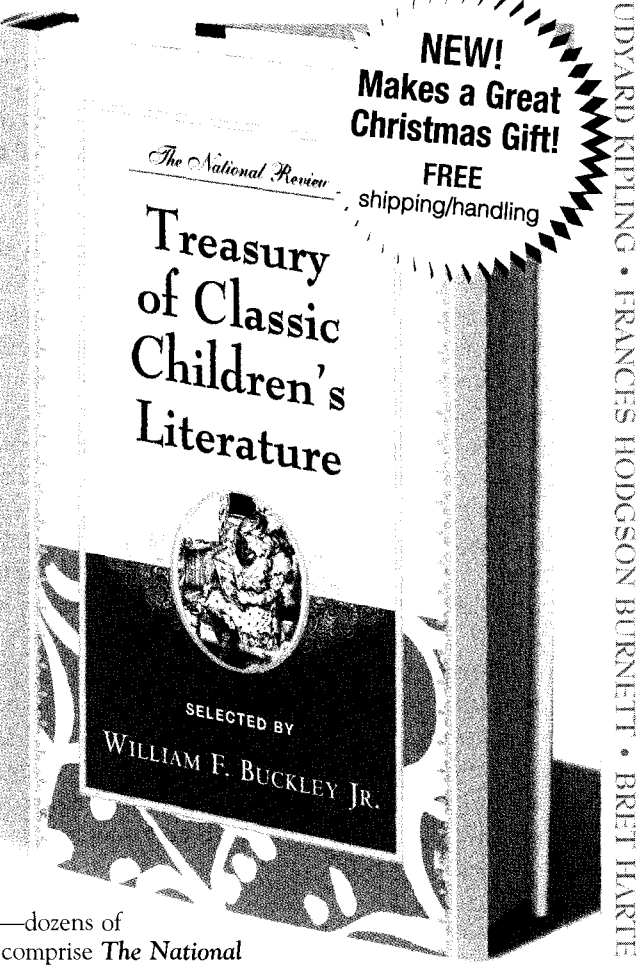

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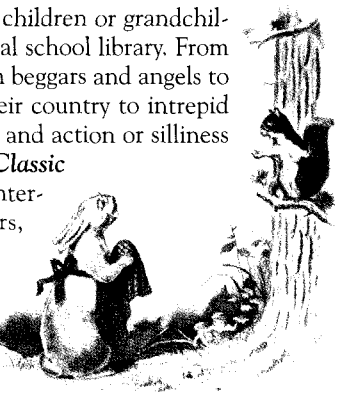

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sports rioting, and cultivating their "diversity," when do students get any actual studying done?

■ The death of John Rawls at 81 last month reminded us that different philosophers perform different intellectual services. Some coax us to recognize important truths; some open up important avenues of emotion or reflection; some illustrate important mistakes. It was to this last category that Rawls belonged. His landmark book *A Theory of Justice* (1971) did readers the immeasurable service of making big mistakes brazenly. Not that his many grateful readers—legion upon legion of liberal academics—recognized Prof. Rawls's labors for what they were, to wit: an ideologically motivated apology for egalitarianism and the welfare state. On the contrary, Rawls persuaded them, as he had persuaded himself, that his theory of justice represented what any rational person, unburdened by "the veil of ignorance," would think. This is one of liberalism's greatest tricks, first perfected by John Stuart Mill: You monopolize reason and purity for the home team while assigning politics, self-interest, and parti pris entirely to your opponents. "I, John Rawls, have seen through the veil of ignorance. I am motivated not by politics but by reason alone. It is reason that requires the redistribution of wealth and the remaking of society according to the Left-liberal blueprint." Rawls said what liberals dearly wanted to hear. It is no wonder they proclaimed him a genius. R.I.P.

■ Angus Cameron was a talented editor who had a Communist worldview and was perfectly open about it. In fact, he enjoyed defending it. In its obituary of Cameron, the *New York Times* air-brushed much of that. According to the *Times*, Mr. Cameron "belonged to many leftist organizations and spoke publicly about his beliefs," "came under scathing criticism from conservatives," and was "forced out in [the] McCarthy era." That last refers to Cameron's departure from the publishing firm of Little, Brown in 1951. The conservative and McCarthyite who made Cameron's position at Little, Brown untenable was one of its major authors, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. The historian had offered Little, Brown the opportunity to publish George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. The publisher rejected the book, now a classic and perennial bestseller by an Olympian writer. Schlesinger made his displeasure abundantly clear. As a result of this "witch hunt," Cameron departed. (He was later hired by Alfred Knopf, where he edited, among much else, future NR senior editor Jeffrey Hart's first book, *Political Writers of Eighteenth Century England*.) The *Times* has a metaphysical principle to the effect that Communists did not exist and were invented by McCarthy. So, to use a metaphor, it defrocked him. Now dead at 93, Mr. Cameron would have been outraged. R.I.P.

■ Planned Parenthood is selling Christmas cards with the slogan "Choice on Earth." The phrase it plays on, "Peace on Earth," is from the Gospel of Luke, where an angel announces the birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Planned Parenthood is, of course, the nation's largest provider of abortion services, and helped to terminate nearly 200,000 pregnancies in the year 2000 alone. So we can't help wondering: Why, if abortion is such a blessing, are its practitioners now so eager to celebrate history's most famous unplanned pregnancy?

AT WAR

Against Farce

THE December 8 deadline for Iraq to reveal its atomic-, biological-, and chemical-weapons programs comes after we go to press, but before most readers will get this issue. Think of it as the bank of the Rubicon.

The U.N. monitors have brought to their work an air of what would be farce, if the stakes were not life and death. As the *Washington Post* reported, Hans Blix, executive chairman of the U.N. team, kept experienced hands off his team because the Iraqis found them too tough. "We just knew too much," complained Richard Spertzel, who once headed biological-weapons inspections for the U.N. "They couldn't pull the wool over our eyes." Instead, Blix has been beating the bushes and trolling the cathouses—in one case, literally, for the *Post* found on his team a Marine vet from Virginia whose munitions experience is 20 years old, and much of whose time in civilian life has been spent running an S&M sex club. Blix's Keystone Kops drive from their Baghdad hotel in Toyota Land Cruisers, shadowed by their hosts, who radio ahead to the relevant death factory as soon as they guess the destination. Not surprisingly, every time the Blixens have showed up, the Iraqis have been prepared.

Will President Bush be bound by such a charade? In a Pentagon speech, he was laconically threatening. "So far," he said, "the signs are not encouraging." Iraq had fired on British and American planes patrolling the no-fly zones, and answered U.N. questions with "protests and falsehoods." The declaration Iraq makes on December 8 "must be credible and complete—or the Iraqi dictator will have demonstrated to the world once again that he has chosen not to change his behavior." This put the emphasis where it belongs: not on the details of an inspector's checklist, which depend on what the meaning of "weapon" is, but on the character of the regime and its leader. Saddamistan is a bellicose, secretive tyranny, murderous to its citizens and threatening to its neighbors and the world at large.

Iraq is in a curious position. Unfriendly aircraft patrol its skies, while U.N. bureaucrats, however inept, have formal carte blanche to visit its military installations and question its personnel. One of the only remaining shreds of Iraqi sovereignty is the survival of its dictatorial leader, who is considered sacrosanct.

Iraqi weapons don't kill people; Saddam Hussein and his thuggish minions do. Removing them is the only thing that will remove the problem. No doubt the Bush administration will take time to digest Iraq's report. But if it does not act soon thereafter, it will have failed. As Bush himself said at the Pentagon, "The temporary peace of denial and looking away from danger would only be a prelude to broader war and greater horror."

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AT WAR II

A New Day

WHO is the enemy in the Terror War? Al-Qaeda, obviously, and the Taliban (R.I.P.). Iraq and Iran are charter members of the Axis of Evil. Other radical Arab regimes are either sitting tight or (in the case of Yemen) on their best behavior.

That leaves the recruiting ground and international banker of Islamism, Saudi Arabia. NATIONAL REVIEW and NRO have been early critics of Saudi bad faith. But recently others have caught on. In October a report commissioned by the Council on Foreign Relations laid it on the line. "For years, individuals and charities based in Saudi Arabia have been the most important source of funds for al Qaeda, and for years Saudi officials have turned a blind eye to this problem." This was a stinker in the wonk world of foreign policy. Then in November came the story that hit the front pages: Princess Haifa al-Faisal, daughter of a former king of Saudi Arabia and wife of the Saudi ambassador to the United States, had given thousands of dollars over the years to Osama Bassnan, a Saudi citizen living in San Diego, ostensibly as charity to help his sick wife. But at the same time, one of Bassnan's friends, Omar al-Bayoumi, was paying the rent for two of the future 9/11 hijackers.

Saudi spokesmen hit the airwaves to deny that the princess ever intended to subsidize mass murderers. Nor, in all likelihood, did she. But like many guilty *nouveaux riches*, the Saudi upper classes salve their insecurity over the divergence between their tastes and their creed by spreading their money around. Much of it goes, as per Muslim law, to the poor. But much of it also goes to front groups that in fact preach hatred and foment terror abroad. The Saudi banking system, run according to pre-modern norms, is unpoliceable. In such a system no one knows whose palm is being greased. More important, no one cares.

Washington has been slow to recognize this criminal recklessness. For years, Saudi Arabia helped fight the common menace of Communism, and the Bush administration has been paying off those old favors: After the Council on Foreign Relations report, a Treasury spokesman said they were "pleased" with Saudi cooperation, and after the scandal of the princess, Colin Powell called Saudi Arabia a "good friend" and a "strategic partner." But Washington must also recognize that alliances break up as conditions change. The Saudi royal family, like any autocracy, is intent on maintaining itself in power. When that requires fighting Communism, it does so; when that means exporting homegrown fanaticism, it does that too.

The world oil market is changing, as Russia revives its industry and other regions, such as western Africa, begin to come on line. America is already moving its post–Gulf War bases from Saudi Arabia to neighboring countries; that process should be completed. Our investment in Saudi Arabia is declining, and should decline further. Meanwhile, the Saudis will change their tune only when we change ours. The Saudis should curb their state-subsidized mullahs, and stop the murderous freeloaders in their midst. If they do, they may retain their peninsula. If not, should it come to that, we know the address of the Hashemites.

POLITICS

Frustrated and Dizzy

"THE media is kind of weird these days," said Al Gore. Let us interpret that for you: There are some conservative voices getting through, and that's not at all what Gore and other liberal Democrats are used to. From birth, they expected a thoroughly liberal media: It was an entitlement. And now there are all these . . . interlopers (or "fifth columnists," about which more in a minute). In the weeks following the Republicans' surprise victory in the November election, there's been a whole lot of whining going on. Pardon us if we don't get teary-eyed over these charges of conservative media bias.

The former vice president went on to list "Fox News Network, the *Washington Times*, Rush Limbaugh—there's a bunch of them, and some of them are financed by wealthy ultra-conservative billionaires who make political deals with Republican administrations and the rest of the media." As WFB has pointed out, "Non-wealthy billionaires are presumably too busy trying to become wealthy billionaires to give much time to politics." Continued Gore, "Most of the media has been slow to recognize the pervasive impact of this fifth column in their ranks." No one could have said it more revealingly: that non-liberal media constitute a "fifth column," that is, a secret group of collaborators with the enemy, subverting the nation from within.

Tom Daschle, too, revealed his frustration, now that he has been returned to minority status. He went for a familiar Democratic target: Big Bad Rush, scourge of the Republic (though not of the Republicans). Daschle accused Rush Limbaugh of inciting crazies against him and other Democrats, comparing him to fundamentalist zealots abroad (you-know-who). You will remember that Bill Clinton, as the Oklahoma City federal building lay in ruins, took the occasion of a collegiate address to blame conservative talk radio for creating a climate in which mass murder can take place. It may have been the lowest moment of the Clinton presidency—and that's not to exclude anything that happened in hallways near the Oval Office.

Rush, as usual, got it right. In response to Daschle, he noted the new prominence of some conservative or right-leaning news outlets, and said, "Suddenly these liberal politicians have to fight in the arena of ideas . . . I'm sure Sen. Daschle would love it if nobody were out there" contradicting him on points of policy, but "that's not how free speech works."

Then there's the case of Fox News. It was Christmas morning—early—for Democrats when Bob Woodward revealed that Roger Ailes, the Fox chief, had sent President Bush a let-

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ter nine days after September 11, urging him, basically—in the language of Margaret Thatcher—not to go wobbly. He advised the president that Americans would be patient in this new war as long as they were confident that Bush, ultimately, would do the necessary.

Good advice. But wasn't this proof that Ailes was not a real newsman but a Republican party toady? Ailes had a (typically) smart answer to this: "I don't give a damn [for a start]. American citizenship is a big concept. If I had to give that up to be in journalism, I wouldn't do it. What I wrote was completely nonpartisan. I would have written the same letter to FDR after Pearl Harbor. If Bill Clinton had been president, I probably would have sent him the same memo."

Liberal critics enjoy listing the conservative outlets (or outposts, you might even call them): Fox, the *Washington Times*, the *New York Post*, the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, Drudge. (It doesn't take long to go through them, which is why critics list them all the time.) Fine. How about a trade? We'll take the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, CBS, NBC, ABC (news and entertainment divisions, thank you very much), *Time*, *Newsweek*, NPR, PBS . . . And then there's the movies, the teachers unions, the universities . . .

Again: Pardon us if we don't tear up.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Anent the objective form of the personal pronoun (Sept. 16), the *who/whom* distinction is not only traditional but still useful, especially in initial position as an indicator of which way the rest of the sentence will run. It also communicates that the writer has a care for time-honored English usage and courteously assumes such a care on the part of his reader.

This brings me to your answer to Max C. Powell, in which a sentence startlingly has as subject, "thee perhaps, I certainly." Why not "me certainly" for the sake of consistency? If it is the objective case that is to be abolished, one might as well make a thorough job of it: Many an older text could be emended, e.g., "And I say also unto thou, that thou art Peter" or "Shall I compare thou to a summer's day?"

"Between you and I" is already catching on. The possibilities are endless, if one elects to go that road.

Sincerely yours,
Barbara N. Baur
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Baur: Oh, come on. To acknowledge the unimportance of the objective pronoun in some situations is not to write categorical renunciations of proper usage.

Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley: Re your response to Mr. Powell: Say what you will, "man who you marry" does sound illiterate.

If you really want to simplify the language, why drag it out? Why not go whole hog, resort to a series of graduated grunts, and be done with it? Hooray for Neanderthalese!

Consider yourself shamed a little. English isn't even my second language. It is my fourth.

Dr. K. A. Skapa
Denver, Colo.

Dear Dr. Skapa: Perhaps you are extra-sensitive to the evolution of the vernacular?

Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley: Who or whom . . . that is the question. I have never heard a satisfactory answer to it.

Therefore, a long time ago, I came up with my own formula, based on the German dative case (a "dative-case analogy," so to speak). If "who" refers to "hiM" or "theM," it's "whoM." Thus: to, for, against, with, about (etc.) *whom*. Of course, this holds true for "her" as well, but it's not quite so obvious, since the clue is the ultimate M.

Please tell me, do you think I am *on* or *off* my case?

Yours truly,
Horst Brakel
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Brakel: I think you are very much *on* in this matter. But the trick would then be to remember your adage.

Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley: Your who/whom usage colloquy of Sept. 16 immediately brought to mind my all-time favorite Groucho Marxism: At a party, Groucho and some others were cornered by a bore contending that people invariably say "who" in conversation when "whom" is usually correct. As the man paused for air, Groucho reputedly piped up, "Whom farted?"

Brooks Hughes
Ann Arbor, Mich.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Your assistance is needed! A dear friend of mine, for whom I have great respect, has committed, I fear, a grammatical folly of gross proportions!

Recently married, he refers to the event as "Jeff's and Emily's wedding." Because the wedding is jointly owned, such as a home or a car, I suggested that he refer to the occasion as "Jeff and Emily's wedding," placing the possessive only on the latter person, as I was taught to do in such circumstances, e.g., "Tom, Joe, and Steve's office." For my friend to be correct, would two weddings be necessary? Please settle this four-month dispute.

Jeffrey Shapiro
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Shapiro: Yes, two weddings would definitely do it, but it would be an evasion to do these simultaneously.

Cordially,

—WFB

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■ THE ADMINISTRATION ■

Unions, Busted

But there is *much* more 'busting' to do

SAM DEALEY

THE tart and tony Prime Rib steakhouse in downtown Washington has long been a favorite of officials of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, Ornamental and Reinforcing Iron Workers. In fact, Jake West, the former president of the union, was there almost every day. So when federal agents wanted to serve West with an arrest warrant for conspiracy, fraud, and embezzlement in August 2001, they knew where to go.

Sure enough, West was there—at his usual table, surrounded by cronies and lady friends. And the old union boss wasn't terribly pleased to be bothered by the feds. "Young man," agents say he lectured one of them, "you have just ruined a perfectly good martini."

West would know; he'd become somewhat of a connoisseur of Prime Rib's martinis. According to the 49-count indictment, he and his top two officers illegally charged nearly $500,000 in food and booze to the union's house account at the restaurant over a seven-year period. And that wasn't all. There were other restaurants, and private wine stocks, and over $200,000 in fees at yacht and country clubs stretching from suburban D.C. to Palm Springs, Calif. All told, the three Iron Workers officials embezzled $1.5 million in union dues to maintain their lavish lifestyles. How? By cooking the books, of course.

Upon his re-election as union president in 1992, West turned over the Iron Workers' lucrative accounting contract to Thomas Havey LLP. (The firm had long been wooing the union by, among other things, preparing the tax forms of union officials free of charge.) In addition to the obvious need for business accounting, unions are required to submit to the Labor Department forms detailing how dues are spent. But it soon became clear to Havey accountants that Iron Workers officials didn't want to do things by the book. Because "direct and indirect disbursements to officers" are supposed to be itemized separately, the union leadership feared their fat-cat lifestyle might be used against them by challengers in internal elections. Come up with a way to hide the charges, Havey was told, or you're fired. Which is how $47,000 worth of Prime Rib bonhomie in 1992 was hidden under "Office and Administrative Expenses."

Jake West (in more carefree times) by Roman Genn

The next year, Havey accountants took a different tack, suggesting that the entertainment charges be placed under the less egregious "Other Disbursements" category. But that, too, would require an itemization, and in an internal memorandum the union's chief in-house accountant expressed concern about the "political ramifications." The growing food-and-fun bills were again listed under "Office and Administrative Expenses."

In 1995, things changed. A new Labor Department rule required that office and administrative expenses be itemized. "Is there anywhere else to bury?" read the shorthand notes of the union's lead accountant from a series of meetings and discussions. The Havey folks scratched their heads and saw that the accounting rules for "Educational and Publicity Expenses" remained opaque, and the charges were buried there.

And so it continued until late 1998, when federal investigators stumbled upon the scam during a separate Iron Workers probe. So far six union officials and two Havey partners have copped pleas from federal prosecutors. In exchange for West's guilty plea in October in a different matter (an inflated pension plan and bogus salary West cooked up to stave off an election challenge by his general secretary), federal prosecutors agreed to drop the 49 charges of embezzlement, conspiracy, and fraud. He now faces at least four years in prison—no small time considering his age (75) and ill health.

More ominously, top officers at Havey have pledged to assist in "further" investigations. Meanwhile, Republican congressman Charles Norwood of Georgia has urged the National Labor Relations Board to investigate other charges of improper bookkeeping by Havey. The company is generally regarded as the accounting-firm-of-choice by organized labor, overseeing the books of most major unions, including the AFL-CIO.

These probes may unearth further scandals, but the underlying problem does not lie merely with labor bosses like West or firms like Havey: It's also with the loose regulations that permit their chicanery in the first place.

In an effort to get the mob out of organized labor, Congress passed the Labor Management Reporting and Disclosure Act in 1959. Among other things, the legislation requires that large unions file annual financial disclosure reports with the secretary of labor—called LM-2 forms—which are then certified and made public. With access to good numbers, the theory goes, the rank-and-file can police their own unions and

Mr. Dealey is a member of the *Washington Times* editorial board.

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diminish government intrusion. But as the West affair illustrates, the reporting requirements are so vague that union members have no way of knowing how their dues are being spent.

In 2001, for example, the National Education Association chalked up $68.7 million to "grants to joint projects with state and local affiliates," and the United Auto Workers attributed $11.9 million to "education and publicity expenses." The Service Employees reported $3.9 million as "sundry" expenses—a Clintonian fulfillment of the requirement that unions "not describe any of these disbursements as 'Miscellaneous' since that classification is not sufficiently descriptive." In all of these cases, no further details are necessary. Over one-third of unions required to file disclosure forms last year did so late or not at all.

■

Even the slightest reporting changes are fiercely fought by union cadres.

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Meanwhile, the office that oversees union financial reporting was gutted during the Clinton administration. The Office of Labor Management Standards was reduced from 431 employees in 1992 to just 260 in 2001. Its budget dropped from $33 million in 1997—the start of Clinton's second term—to $30.6 million in 2001. Not surprisingly, effective oversight suffered. Compliance audits dipped from 800 in 1992 to just 238 last year, and criminal convictions during the same period fell from 177 to 101.

Labor secretary Elaine Chao has vowed to reverse this trend, but even the slightest reporting changes—such as a requirement to insert commas in dollar amounts—are fiercely fought by union cadres. This summer she did score a small victory. After years of foot-dragging during the Clinton administration, the Labor Department finally posted the unions' LM-2 forms online. The site received an unusually large number of hits—75,000—in the first two months alone. But more fundamental efforts at increasing union transparency have been stymied by Democrats on Capitol Hill, notably Iowa's Tom Harkin.

Like all of his colleagues, Harkin was rightly outraged by the recent corporate scandals. Indeed, he took a leading role in the passage of the corporate-responsibility bill. "I'm pleased the Senate today stood up for investors and working families and voted to reform the corporate-accounting system and crack down on the corporate criminals who cook the books to line their own pockets," he said upon its passage. But when it comes to union corruption, Harkin is of a different mind.

As chairman of the Senate subcommittee responsible for funding the Labor Department, Harkin acted unilaterally this year to ensure that union bosses would escape closer scrutiny. The Iowan not only denied Chao's request for $3.9 million for more vigorous enforcement of union financial compliance, he inserted the following language into the bill: "The Committee directs the Secretary of Labor not to revise, amend, or change in any way, whether by rulemaking or otherwise, the reporting requirements imposed on labor organizations. . . ." Federal election records show organized labor consistently has been Harkin's top PAC donor.

Thanks to voters in the midterm elections, Harkin will take a backseat to a Republican chairman, and there are hopes that the Labor Department will finally be able to get tough on union fraud. Chao will undoubtedly get the funding she needs, but stricter reporting requirements for organized labor remain uncertain. The White House has worked hard to woo the 2004 endorsement of maverick union leaders, and political appointees at Labor—among this administration's most conservative—fret in private about White House pressure on them not to antagonize these bosses.

But if politics is the only concern, there's good reason to push for cleaner and clearer union reporting. Not only would it dramatically curb the corruption that rips off the rank-and-file, it would expose the other dirty secret hidden in labor's books—the political organizing that helps keep Republicans out of office. Now *that* would be cause for a martini. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

The Air War at Home

An environmental policy that everyone should love

DAVID FRUM

In the last week of November, the Bush administration handed down a new regulation that will simultaneously reduce air pollution and increase energy conservation, all without costing either taxpayers or consumers a dime. Is everybody happy? Not hardly.

The Natural Resources Defense Council instantly condemned the decision: "The Bush administration decided to allow corporate polluters to spew even more toxic chemicals into our air, regardless of the fact that it will harm millions of Americans." The Sierra Club described the new rule as a step backward into barbarian darkness: "The president is trying to give polluters permission to ignore modern technology and keep fouling our air." To Sen. James Jeffords of Vermont, Bush's action was a "devastating defeat for public health and our environment." And Paul Krugman warned readers of the *New York Times* to "breathe while you still can."

Actually, when you think about it, it's a miracle any of us can breathe at all, what with all that arsenic poisoning us. Yet it's a very odd thing: At almost exactly the moment that each environmental scare story exhausts its fundraising potential, along comes another, even more horrific than the last. It's safe to say that the excitement over Bush's revisions to the Clean Air Act won't be the last environmental blowup. It may, however, very well prove to be the silliest.

To understand just how silly, you have to brace yourself for a little regulatory history.

The story begins a quarter-century ago, when Jimmy Carter stumbled into a Washington political crossfire over his plan to reduce America's dependence on

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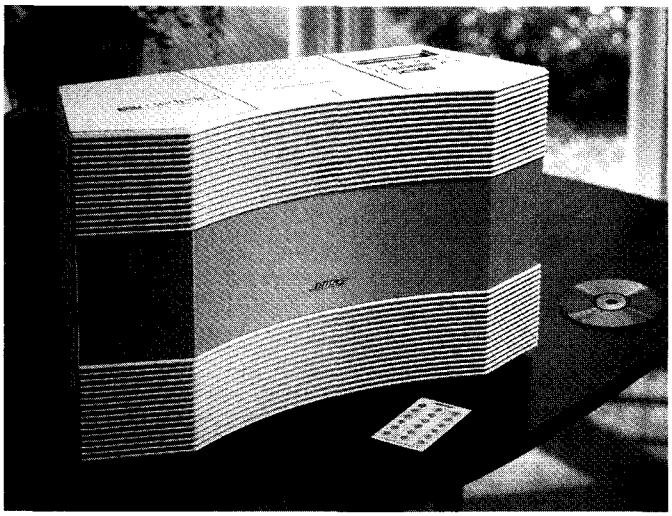

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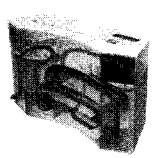

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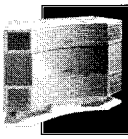

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foreign oil. One obvious way to achieve that reduction was to use more coal—and less oil—in factories and power plants. Unfortunately, coal is a very dirty fuel. To appease environmentalists, the Carter administration drafted a Clean Air Act in 1977 that allowed existing plants to continue in business—but that required them to install expensive anti-pollution technology if they changed or expanded. This rule was called "new source review," and for 20 years few paid it much attention.

The power shortages that began in California in 1999 and spread through the western United States got people paying attention again. For the first time since the days of fat neckties, electricity became a sexy topic. And suddenly a lot of people began to notice the perverse effects of the new source rule.

Imagine you own a coal power plant built in 1952. If you decide to upgrade your plant—say by adding an additional generator, a new one that will produce more power with less fuel and less pollution—you will trigger a new source review that will force you to spend millions to clean up the otherwise protected, older part of your facility. If, however, you decide to forget about modernization and continue to run the plant the way your grandfather did—why then, you are free to pump as much coal ash into the atmosphere as you like. Result: Rather than build a cleaner new generator, you'll probably just shovel more coal into your old dirty one.

In the name of environmental protection, new source review deters investment in cleaner new technologies and artificially extends the life of obsolete, dirty, and often dangerous old facilities. Freed from new source review, industry can add new capacity without being forced immediately to update the old facilities that the new plants are meant gradually to replace.

In fact, even environmentalists quietly acknowledge that new source review was perverse and counterproductive. That's why they liked it. They calculated that because the policy was so crazy, industry would cheerfully pay quite a high price to get rid of it. They hoped to use the perversity of new source review as a lever to force a massive new system of regulation of factory emissions through Congress. Bush beat them to the punch—and that is why the environmentalists are enraged.

Environmentalist organizations may fulminate; everybody else should celebrate. The massive scheme favored by environmentalist organizations would have dramatically raised the price of power. And since many environmentalists also favor tax subsidies to uneconomic power sources like wind and solar, their regulatory scheme would have imposed large, hidden costs on taxpayers as well.

Of course, higher electric prices do not bother enviros. They believe we have too many gadgets already. The environmentalist answer to Americans worried about energy security is a reprise of Sen. Robert Taft's notorious answer to housewives worried about the rising cost of food in the 1940s: "Eat less." The enviros want us to consume less, and nothing reduces consumption like high prices.

The 1990s were America's first cheap-energy era since the 1960s, and that fact as much as new technology may account for the decade's fabulous boom. Over the past three years, energy prices have been rising—and the pace of growth has been faltering. "Eat less" remains a lousy answer to an important question.

■

In the years since Jackson Browne strummed outside nuclear reactors, the enviros have lost the public.

■

Yet it has to be admitted: Environmentalists have a point about the dirt and danger of coal. Here we are, more than half a century after the splitting of the atom—and we're still deriving more than half our electricity from the fuel that powered the steam engine. It's a fuel for which hundreds of miners still die every year, that puts millions of tons of emissions into the atmosphere, and leaves more millions of tons of ash and waste behind on the ground.

Though wind and sun cannot substitute for coal, there is a fuel that can: nuclear power. Nuclear power is the whispered theme of the report delivered in May 2001 by the Cheney energy task force. Of course, the enviros hate nuclear power even more than they hate coal. But in the years since Jackson Browne strummed outside nuclear reactors, the enviros have lost the public. During the California energy crisis, in fact, polls found that majorities of Americans now favored the expansion of nuclear energy. Do Americans still feel the same way 18 months later? The pollsters no longer ask, or at least the publicly available pollsters no longer ask. But it would be interesting to know the answer—to know whether there might be a bigger prize out there for the Bush administration's energy policy than the incremental improvement of the technology of yesteryear, or rather yester-century. **NR**

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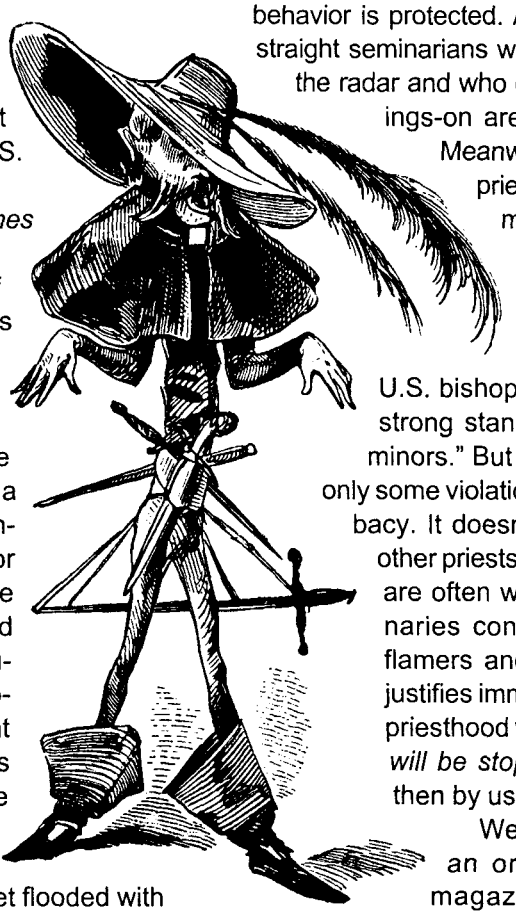
The Lavender Mafia In the Priesthood

Priestly sex scandals in the U.S. Catholic Church were few and far between before seminaries began accepting homosexuals in the 1960s. The homosexual population of the U.S. is estimated at between 2 and 10%. Homosexuals in the priesthood are now estimated to be between 30 and 60%. A major study conducted by *The Kansas City Star* found that "priests are dying of AIDS at a rate at least four times that of the general U.S. population...."

Is celibacy the culprit? No. *The Times of London* found that priests in the (Anglican) Church of England are dying of AIDS at a rate roughly 2 to 3 times greater than Catholic priests in the U.S.! Note well: The Church of England has *always* allowed priests to marry.

Not surprisingly, 90 to 98% of the publicized cases of priestly pedophilia committed by U.S. Catholic priests involve *boys* (whether prepubescent or postpubescent). Not all "gays" are pedophiles, but pedophilia — called "intergenerational love" by homosexuals — is part and parcel of the homosexual subculture, which places great emphasis on youthful physique and is notoriously promiscuous, and whose publications commonly carry themes of adult-child sex.



How did a number of seminaries get flooded with homosexuals? Not only because many bishops and religious orders have allowed seminaries to admit homosexuals — in direct violation of Vatican policy — but because certain vocations directors and seminaries reject a candidate, not because he's homosexual but because he's "homophobic" — they also reject a candidate if he's deemed "rigid" (a code word for orthodox).

In certain seminaries, professors openly dissent from Catholic teaching on homosexuality, and homosexual behavior is protected. And those orthodox, morally straight seminarians who managed to get in under the radar and who object to the scandalous goings-on are persecuted or forced out. Meanwhile, sodomites are ordained priests, and they protect and promote one another, forming what is widely known as "the Lavender Mafia," extending even into episcopal ranks.

Thanks to the media, the U.S. bishops have finally had to take a strong stand against "sexual abuse of minors." But the get-tough policy affects only some violations of the sacred vow of celibacy. It doesn't affect sex with men and other priests. As long as sodomite priests are often winked at, and certain seminaries continue to be hothouses for flamers and promote the dissent that justifies immorality, sexual license in the priesthood will continue. But it *must and will be stopped*, if not by the bishops then by us the laity.

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■ ABROAD ■

As Miss World Turns

Swimsuits, ball gowns, and riots

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE Miss World competition is much closer to a fashion show than to a strip show. Contrary to the morbid fantasies of the sterner feminists, men do not much enjoy watching pretty girls prance up and down in bathing suits as a preliminary to prancing up and down in ball gowns. It is just about possible that in the dim and distant 1950s a sexist male audience could be assembled to gloat over such a spectacle, because that was about as daring as life got back then. But the sexual revolution ensured that by the 1960s there was a whole series of venues where girls simply got out of their bathing costumes—and didn't bother getting into anything else. For those who liked that sort of thing, it was no longer necessary either to sit through French philosophizing in the cinema or to listen to the idealistic life program of some coed in order to glimpse a bosom. They could get the icing without having to take the cake—and, as various gloomy social statistics on illegitimacy confirm, they did so.

Besides, as best my memory tells me, the British Miss World competition was then a program aimed primarily at women. It was a distinctly polite occasion in which any hint of sex was ruthlessly ironed out; the pretense was firmly upheld that this was a competition in niceness and (modest, female) achievement as much as in good looks; and the respectability ethic of that time permeated everything.

Times have changed, of course. Today's respectability ethic means that the current Miss America had to fight strongly for her right to advocate premarital sexual abstinence—against both the competition organizers and external feminist critics who plainly feared it might be a weird symptom of religious lunacy and, just possibly, a violation of the U.S. Constitution. But respectability still rules: Winners can lose their titles for any hint of impropriety, however defined.

This hygienic and manicured image of the beauty contest ensured that there was very little interest in Miss World from my male companions in adolescence and early manhood: We recognized this event as meant for others. Our female relatives would sit around the television, oohing and aahing at the ball gowns, the swimsuits, the general atmosphere of modest Home Counties glamour. They would debate the claims of the different national contestants.

Yoav Lemmer/AFP

Miss World 2001, a Nigerian

And they would take real pleasure in the happiness of the winner as she walked around the stage wearing a parody of royal attire and waving regally to her subjects. If you think of it as a lower-middle-class version of a fashion show, you will not have it far wrong.

It was—and remains—not so much in bad taste as in the worst of good taste: excruciatingly genteel and always in danger of tipping over into satire. One would not be wholly surprised if Dame Edna Everage turned up to host the evening; in a lean year she might even win.

How could such a tame and timid event possibly lead to riots in which perhaps 500 people have died? The short answer, of course, is that it has done no such thing. Muslims in Nigeria rioted not against the Miss World competition itself but against a local newspaper column in which Isioma Daniel, a Nigerian woman journalist (but one trained in the tabloid excesses of Fleet Street), suggested that if the prophet Mohammed were alive today, he might have picked a bride or two from among the nubile contestants. This lighthearted comment promptly provoked Muslim mass murders of local Christians, a fatwa sentencing Ms. Daniel to death (since revoked under government pressure), and the denunciation of the Miss World competition by various concerned feminist and other liberal thinkers throughout the West.

What's going on?

If there is a serious long-term problem revealed by this episode, it is that Nigeria and other African countries in which Muslims and Christians live side by side will need energetically to enforce nonsectarian laws and public order on both sets of believers—but principally on Muslims, since it is they who openly justify imposing their religious rules on others and who are overwhelmingly responsible for sectarian violence. Not surprisingly, very few people made this point. Since September 11, a new and nervous kind of political etiquette has been adopted by progressive circles in the West under which criticism of Islam is to be avoided if at all possible—and, if it cannot be avoided, then some non-Muslims must be included in the indictment.

The realpolitik reason for this anti-anti-Islamism is that we must do all we can to avoid a clash of civilizations. That is not unreasonable. But since liberals, let alone radicals, do not usually attach such importance to the virtue of prudence in foreign policy, it is probably not the true motivation here. It is more likely that such critics shrink from being found in the same camp as ordinary Americans, whom they have been accusing of "Islamophobia" ever since 9/11. A snobbish sense of superiority to the allegedly bigoted American majority is a powerful motive driving the intelligentsia. Crimes against Muslims must therefore be exaggerated and deplored, while crimes by Muslims must be under-

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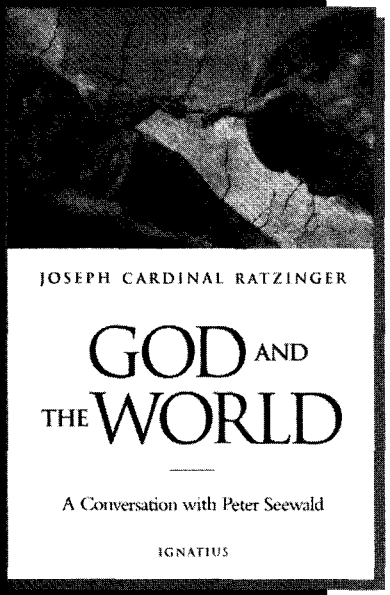

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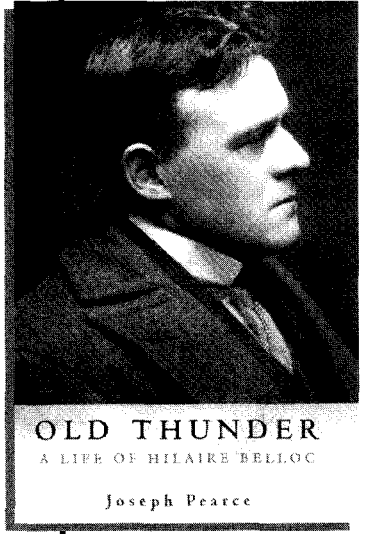

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stood. The Left long ago embraced the inventive doctrine that "oppressed" people cannot offend against free speech since, by definition, they lack the power to do so; yet they are also the only people morally entitled to decide whether political speech is "offensive." Now that Nigerian Muslims have demonstrated exactly what these doctrines mean for freedom of expression in practice, liberals would prefer to direct attention elsewhere.

■

Despite the best efforts of the organizers to make it modern, Miss World is a distinctly old-fashioned event.

■

Isioma Daniel might seem to be a useful target of progressive criticism. She was, after all, corrupted by Fleet Street into insensitivity toward the cultural beliefs of others, many of them oppressed and extremely dangerous. But it is hard to denounce someone who is under sentence of death for writing a newspaper article; it would bring the issue of free speech into sharp relief, when questions such as cultural authenticity would be more helpful in clouding the issue. Perhaps Nigeria's president might be open to attack? In fact, he has been criticized for inviting Miss World to Nigeria in the first place. He thought he was importing a racy modernity into his country; but that was the ideological fashion of an earlier decade. Cultural sensitivity is all the rage—and irreverence today is admirable only when applied to *Christian* orthodoxies.

So Miss World became the approved target, for want of a better one. Novelist Kathy Lette described the contest as "toxic." When it was proposed to restage it in London, Germaine Greer called the idea "horrifying." And writer Muriel Gray declared dramatically that "these girls will be wearing swimwear dripping with blood." (That's a terrific idea, by the way, for the opening scene in a Hammer Films movie.)

With her sure lack of touch, Julia Morley, the Miss World organizer, responded to this brouhaha with a statement denying responsibility for the riots and denouncing Ms. Daniel's article. The fact that Morley was inadvertently undermining the relaxed Western freedoms that her business relies upon should not conceal the central point that she was entirely justified in separating Miss World from the riots: No mullah, however mad, was enraged by the contest itself. Those few who knew anything about it might well have approved of the strict purdah it imposes on the girls for the duration—and if that purdah is anything to go by, there might be 72 virgins available for pious Muslims right away without the unpleasant necessity of dying in order to get at them. What the mullahs objected to was the article referring disrespectfully to the Prophet—but the debate raged on as if Miss World herself had propositioned an ayatollah.

It might be suspected that austere feminists reacted to the riots as they did simply because they oppose beauty contests—in principle—as a form of heterosexual mating ritual. In fact, however, Miss World celebrates not sexuality, whether straight or gay, but femininity. It is all dressing up (and dressing down), mascara and eye shadow, sequins and flounces, boyfriends and giggling. In deference to modern fashion, the contestants these days all have a career and ambitions for a career success. They do stop, or at least falter, at that point: Very few of them want to be "action heroes" and kick butt. Their destiny is still marriage and children. Despite the best efforts of the organizers to make it modern, Miss World is a distinctly old-fashioned event.

Of course, the long Darwinian struggle to emerge as Miss World means that none of the contestants really conforms to this "pretty in pink" stereotype. Much eye-gouging and wrist-twisting has been employed along the way. To the middle-aged women who form the bulk of its audience, however, it is all too easy to suspend disbelief when the girl from someone's next door is happily crowned as this year's lucky heroine.

Nigeria would be a far happier place if its mullahs could sigh and murmur along as Miss World sails down the catwalk. The Prophet, I imagine, would be happier in the chaste company of Mesdames Letts, Greer, and Gray. **NR**

■ **THE COLD WAR** ■

God's Commie

The ongoing achievement of Alexander Yakovlev

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THIS summer they were carrying out restoration work in the basement of the Russian Supreme Court in Moscow, and discovered down there a number of skeletons from Stalin's day. In a courthouse. Imagine it. These were men and women on whom the death sentence had just been passed; they were hurried downstairs, shot in the back of the head, and shoved into a cellar to rot. Also this summer, workmen at the Vasilyansky monastery, near Zhovkva in Ukraine, happened to dig up 225 bodies of victims also shot in the back of the head. Acting on a survivor's tip, the Russians have also been digging on the Zhevsky artillery range, northeast of St. Petersburg. Tens of thousands of victims are believed to lie in random trenches there, men and women arrested and never heard of again. In the nearby village of Levashyovo alone there's a mass grave of 24,000. Helplessness in the face of injustice and horror throughout the Soviet Union; executioners brandishing revolvers; trucks, shots, screams, and afterwards the cover-up, the lying. Imagine it.

Andrei Sakharov, the celebrated nuclear physicist turned dissident, was instrumental in founding Memorial, a voluntary association dedicated to rehabilitating the victims of Soviet Communism, estimated to be about 60 million people, or the entire population of Britain today. Memorial aims not to punish, but to keep the record. Commenting on the grisly discoveries on the Zhevsky artillery range, Irina Flige, a Memorial official, said that failure to have a full accounting of the crimes committed under Stalin reverberates through Russian society today.

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Memorial operates under the aegis of the Presidential Commission for the Rehabilitation of Victims of Political Repression—which is headed by Alexander Yakovlev, as extraordinary a man in his way as Sakharov. Born in 1923 into a peasant family, he grew up on a collective farm near Yaroslavl. In the war, he was badly wounded. Soon after the end of the war, still on crutches, he watched the trains passing through Yaroslavl and saw "thin, pale, bewildered faces at the windows. And on the platform, women weeping and wailing." Freed prisoners of war, these were Red Army soldiers being transported straight to Gulag because Stalin suspected that they were potential traitors. Imagine it. Yakovlev speaks of his total incomprehension at the scene. Later he himself had a close call when someone wrote an anonymous letter denouncing him for being insufficiently severe in persecuting Jews. Stalin then died, policy changed, and a letter in the same handwriting reached the authorities to accuse him of being too harsh to Jews.

Nonetheless he was a believing Communist. Clever, industrious, capable, he rose through the party's ranks to become head of the Central Committee's Department of Propaganda, responsible for the spread of Communist ideology. Under Brezhnev he wrote reports displaying independence of mind, and therefore was packed off to be Soviet ambassador to Canada. Spotting him as the best available promoter of glasnost and perestroika—the new openness and reform that were designed to perfect Communism but ended up unraveling it instead—Gorbachev appointed him to the Politburo. In charge of special commissions of inquiry into such fraught subjects as the murder of Stalin's supposed friend Sergei Kirov in 1934, and the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939, he had, and still has, access to some archives—including Stalin's papers—that are closed to all but a few.

Gorbachev has almost completely vanished, but Yakovlev has become a grand old man on Moscow's political scene. Over the years plenty of Communists have broken with the party, and dissidents from Solzhenitsyn downward have spelled out the party's crimes. The facts were known to anyone willing to

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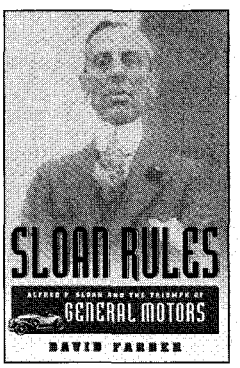

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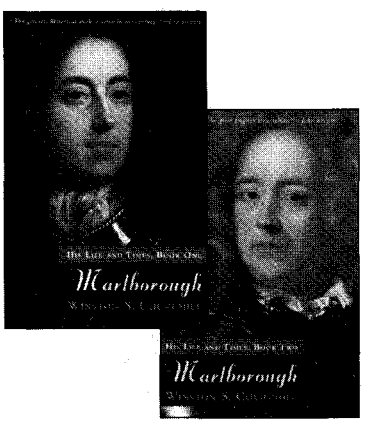

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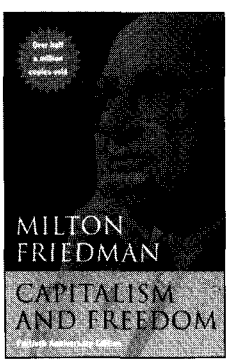

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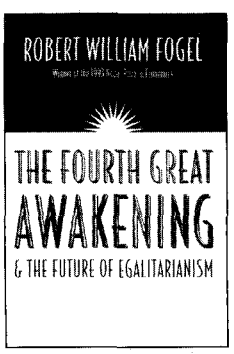

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listen. But never before has someone from within the ruling Politburo come clean and described Communism as a criminal enterprise from first to last, aimed against Russia and against humanity itself. Tremendous passion drives him, the fury of a man who let himself be duped and must publish the truth to recover his self-respect. For some time he has wanted to bring to justice those responsible for what he calls "fascist-Bolshevik ideology." The majority of Nazi concentration-camp personnel were tried and sentenced, but today in Russia tens of thousands of the men who ran Gulag are at liberty and enjoying state pensions. Nobody else of his stature in Russia accepts that right and wrong must remain hopelessly muddled until the guilty are brought to account for Communist crimes, and that the courtroom is the place for such accounting. The quest for truth and justice erupts with explosive force in his book A *Century of Violence in Soviet Russia*, just published by Yale University Press.

The years of Communism have molded Yakovlev's face into inexpressive, almost wooden lines, with deep-set brown eyes that give nothing away. He limps stiffly from his war wound. He talks in a low, gruff voice as he describes the party and the KGB as Siamese twins, partners in crime.

The archives prove him right. Lenin—consistently praised as one of the great men of the century—was in reality a primitive mass-murderer. Time and again Yakovlev is able to quote orders Lenin issued: "One out of ten guilty of parasitism will be shot." "Merciless war against the kulaks! Death to the kulaks!" "The more representatives of the reactionary clergy we shoot, the better." In 1919 Lenin was instructing the secret police that everyone who did not turn up to work on a particular religious holiday should be shot.

Stalin was his worthy pupil, says Yakovlev, "in his hatred and his taste for blood." Between the two of them, they destroyed the nation's gene pool, "consciously undermining the potential for the flowering of science and culture." A slave mentality, Yakovlev says bitterly, consequently remains ingrained in the national consciousness.

Along with the clergy were killed the czar's family, the aristocracy, intellectuals, peasants by the million, almost the whole officer corps, Jews and Muslims, virtually whole ethnic minorities, and "socially dangerous elements" of every sort and no sort. As a result of one particular decree, Yakovlev writes, the executioner's bullet "took the lives of the writers P. Dorokhov and K. Schmuyle; the administrator of the Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theatre, I. Aranovic-Arditi; the Moscow Philharmonia pianist A. Milikovskaya; the members of the Moscow Artists Union Ts. Gustav and F. Konnov; the 'non-union' painters A. Drevin, A. Berzin, and V. Lipgart; the Academy publishing house artist N. Dmitrikovsky; the painter and writer S. Broide; the film

Alexander Yakovlev by Roman Genn

actor T. Kan; the architect O. Vutke; the director of the Moscow Soviet's architectural department, A. Pogosia; and the professor of church choral music M. Khitrovo-Kramsky, a grandson of Field Marshal Kutuzov." These are names known only to a handful of specialists. But imagine the sweep of it through Moscow, and the fear.

Children over the age of twelve could be executed, while those under three were taken away from parents who had been arrested, never to be seen again. The Commission for Rehabilitation receives letters to this day from people who are searching for their parents. Here is a survivor from the Andokhin family, whose letter is one among thousands to go through Yakovlev's hands: "That autumn, for failing to follow the plan for delivering bread to the state, Father was sentenced to two and a half years in prison. And earlier the same autumn, our mother was sentenced to 10 years because, with the permission of the team leader, she had gathered five pounds (that's what the sentence said) of ears of grain on a field for grazing cattle. The local activists made deliberate efforts to wipe out the whole family . . . They took away from us the alms the small children got begging for 'Christ's sake' . . . none of us were able to finish even the elementary classes." In a detail that speaks volumes about the frenzy released, one secret policeman went so far as to denounce a circus act involving animals, because he thought some guinea pigs had the role of agitators.

Yakovlev says that he is often asked whether Stalin knew that he was hacking away at Russia's intellectual roots. "Not only did he know," is the answer, "he was the instigator of these crimes." Raskolnikov is the name of the hero in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, and an ambassador of that name once had the courage to write an "Open Letter to Stalin" blazingly charging him with his crimes and comparing him to Hitler; the letter was suppressed and only came to public view after the collapse of the Soviet Union. In 1934 Ivan Pavlov, who won the Nobel Prize for his famous researches into reflex reactions, wrote to party officials: "What you are sowing throughout the civilized world is not revolution but fascism, and with enormous success." His missive, too, was suppressed.

There are still some who don't get the point, and wish that Lenin and Stalin had gone further, and that their methods could be used today. Lenin remains embalmed in his mausoleum near the Kremlin. President Putin has brought back the Soviet national anthem, and he further proposes to bring back the Red Star as Russia's military emblem on banners and uniforms. "The star is sacred for all servicemen," defense minister Sergei Ivanov explained, "Our fathers and grandfathers went to battle with the star." Yuri Luzhkov, mayor of Moscow, wants to restore the statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the Soviet counterpart to Heinrich Himmler, outside the KGB's Lubyanka headquarters. These may not be murderous measures, but imagine what they stand for. Imagine it. **NR**

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■ POLITICS ■

White's Not Right

How Democrats use Rush Limbaugh

JONAH GOLDBERG

LET us take as a starting-off point two seemingly contradictory things. First, Tom Daschle is not a particularly stupid man. Second, his comments on November 20, about Rush Limbaugh, sounded as if he were reading them from notes written in crayon.

As we all know by now, the South Dakota senator said that he held the conservative radio star and various unnamed "Limbaugh wannabes" directly responsible for threats to his family. "What happens when Rush Limbaugh attacks those of us in public life is that people aren't satisfied just to listen," Daschle said. "They want to act because they get emotionally invested. And so, you know, the threats to those of us in public life go up dramatically." Daschle also compared Limbaugh & Co. to fatwa-issuing fanatics abroad. "You know," he intoned in his trademark stage whisper, "we see it in foreign countries and we think, 'Well, my God, how can this religious fundamentalism become so violent?' Well, it's that same shrill rhetoric, it's that same shrill power that motivates. . . . And that's happening in this country."

Daschle's asininity verges on the metaphysical. But, as Bill Clinton proved on so many occasions, there's asinine and then there's asinine like a fox. Why *did* he do it? *Time*'s Karen Tumulty speculated on CNN that Daschle had had "a rough year and a half or so" and was reacting emotionally. In an editorial, *The Weekly Standard* declared that Daschle's comments were just an example of Democratic "sour grapes." And Rush Limbaugh himself said he considered the comments part of a "well-thought-out strategy by the Democrats to counter the influence" of his show.

None of these interpretations is inherently implausible. Daschle *has* had a hectic year. And, yes, it's true: The day after the election he did look like he found his Christmas pony slumped over dead under the Christmas tree on top of his presents. And, yes, there's no doubt that the Democratic grapes get more sour every day. But what these interpretations have in common is that they assume Daschle's comments constituted a spontaneous outburst—when, in fact, Daschle's idea of spontaneity is showing up five minutes early for a dinner reservation made two weeks ago.

Limbaugh's thesis, too, is questionable. Normally, his stature rises when Democrats attack him. Whenever Bill

Mr. Goldberg is editor-at-large of National Review Online.

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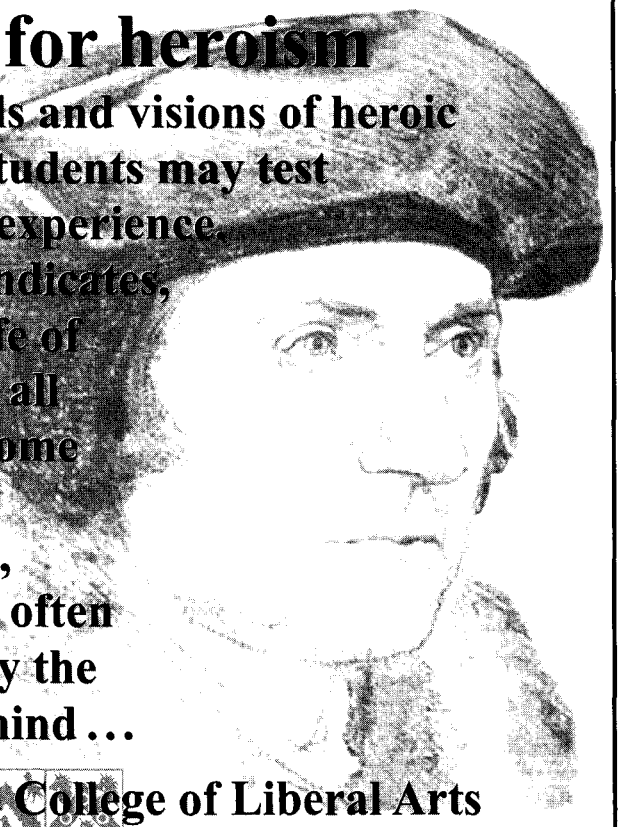
makes available models and visions of heroic action against which students may test their own actions and experience. As Jacques Maritain indicates, poetry "is the secret life of each and all the arts": all the disciplines are in some sense translations of a common *poetic* insight, an intuitive source too often ignored or forgotten by the rationalistic, secular mind . . .



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Clinton singled him out for scorn—for inciting the Oklahoma City bombing, for example—it helped. Save perhaps for declaring "I'm a dittohead!" there's nothing that Daschle or Al Gore or any other prominent Democrat could say about Limbaugh that wouldn't be a boon.

No, the more logical explanation is that Daschle's was a strategic outburst. It has become a cliché to note the myriad ways September 11 changed America. But it seems to be dawning on Democrats only now how fundamental that change was. And Daschle's tantrum may reveal how much he, and other Democrats, liked the way things were before.

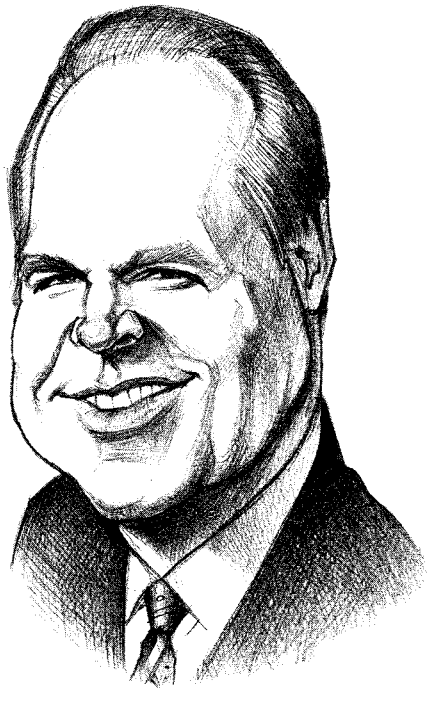
During the 1990s, Democrats benefited wildly from a broad cultural and political reaction against the dreaded "angry white male." Hollywood, the elite press, and academia unleashed an unrelenting assault upon white Christian guys. The decade seemed to celebrate one "Year of the Woman" after another. In a 1993 *Newsweek* cover story on "White Male Paranoia," a businesswoman was approvingly quoted describing all white businessmen as "a bunch of shallow, bald, middle-aged men with character disorders. They don't have the emotional capacity that it takes to qualify as human beings. The one good thing about these white, male, almost-extinct mammals is that they're growing old. We get to watch them die." To be fair, as if to temper this harsh sentiment, *Newsweek* did rhetorically ask, "But is the white male truly an endangered species, or is he just being a jerk?" *Newsweek* could not conceive of a third option.

That same year, the Whitney Museum's Biennial Exhibition showcased artists who "work consciously to deconstruct and de-center the politically constructed site of whiteness." Films like the egregious *Falling Down* painted white men as brimming with violent rage—against gays, blacks, women—and confusion over the fact that the world was leaving them behind. Some films—e.g., *Regarding Henry* and *Sling Blade*—posited that white men could have redeeming qualities so long as they were lobotomized or mentally retarded.

In this climate, Democrats could thrive. Well before Clinton apologists asserted that Bill was "the first black president," he was the first feminist president. Writing in *The Atlantic* in 1996, Steven Stark wrote that for many, "Bill Clinton's administration has, fairly or not, come to symbolize an attack on men and masculinity as 'problems' to be overcome." Even in the rearview mirror, it's easy to see how so many of the landmarks of Clintonism stand out as, well, feminine: the lip-biting, the elevation of feelings over facts, the antipathy to military force unless it was for "nice" things, and so on.

Meanwhile, the GOP—we were told by Maureen Dowd, Frank Rich, et al.—was the party of angry white men. Gingrich's assault on Medicare allegedly inspired Tim McVeigh; Dick Armey's gaffe about "Barney Fag" supposedly gave Wyoming goons the idea of killing Matthew Shepard. "They spread hate," Clinton said of conservative radio hosts. "They leave the impression that—by their very words—that violence is acceptable."

All of this was reflected at the polls. In the 1994 election, Democrats enjoyed a staggering 32-point margin over Republicans among unmarried women. Of course, white men favored Republicans by 26 points; because the male gender gap was overwhelmingly a phenomenon of the South, Clinton's strategy was to get just enough white southern men to put him over the top. In 1992, he did this by running as a moderate, pro-death-penalty centrist. By 1996, he could coast on his support outside the South, especially by making it seem like voting Republican was something all decent white folks should be ashamed of.



Rush Limbaugh by Ismael Roldan

But this bonfire of misandry was fading by the end of Clinton's term and was snuffed out completely by September 11. Manly men, in the NYPD, the FDNY, and the U.S. military, were the heroes of the new age. Compassionate conservatism had helped take the edge off the Gingrichism that so turned off women, especially single women—who, it seems, have an increasing tendency to substitute the services of the state for the services of a husband. (George W. Bush himself pronounced that the "hardest job in America is being a single mother.") If the 1990s were conducive to the Democratic "Mommy party," the 2000s are turning out to be the decade of the Daddy party: compassionate when necessary, willing to open a can of whup-ass when required.

In the 1990s, the Republican party contained a core of men and women completely flummoxed by the popularity of Bill Clinton and his "feel your pain" politics; many of today's Democrats are in a similar perplexity. These folks are the mirror image of the supposedly dazed and confused angry white men of the 1990s. Nostalgic for the Clinton era, these feminist—or overly feminized—activists look at Bush's poll ratings and the fact that Fox News is now the cable news network of record and are as bewildered and hurt as a hungry dog whose bowl has been stolen. These folks still believe white men are a problem in need of solving, and that these oil-patch swaggerers represent a monumental step backward for the forces of truth and light.

These people hate Limbaugh, and they happen to be the people who will pick the next Democratic presidential nominee. With this in mind, it's not hard to comprehend why Daschle is demonizing Rush. As the Democratic party hunches into a fetal position, a mixture of nostalgia and back-to-basics politics makes white-guy bashing look attractive again. Tell a room full of Democrats that Limbaugh hates your guts, and you'll get a standing ovation. And if making a few dumb comments is the price to pay for that, it's a no-brainer for Daschle; a no-brainer in every sense. **NR**

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■ CULTURE WATCH ■

Chick-Tac-Toe

A prized fight in Las Vegas

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

MOST people go to Las Vegas for the gambling. Dazzled by neon, crazed by greed and Wayne Newton, they challenge the odds, trying to outwit the trickster goddess, Lady Luck herself. But I was there for a different, wilier adversary. I was in town for the chicken. It was payback time, a chance for the revenge I'd been waiting for since that shameful, sultry night in Manhattan's Chinatown all those years ago. You know the sort of evening—too much Tsingtao, not enough sense. Next thing, you're in a seedy airless room doing something you shouldn't: in my case, playing a chicken at tic-tac-toe—and losing. Years later I tried to track the bird down for a rematch, but it had flown the coop: dead in a heat wave, said some, off hustling in another hutch, said others.

Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.

And then the rumors began—whispers about tic-tac-toe-playing poultry spotted in Atlantic City, claims of sightings in Indiana and Las Vegas, reports of the theft of three uncannily smart birds from a county fair in Bensalem, Pa. And always there in the background, a muttered, mysterious name: Bunky Boger.

The stories are true. A slick chicken is back on the scene, but this time it's not alone. Chickens skilled in tic-tac-toe have come home to roost in no fewer than three locales—all of them casinos (and two of them called Tropicana)—while others, avian carny folk, work the county-fair circuit, usually without being stolen. The source of this scourge? Bunky Boger. Turns out he runs a Springdale, Ark., farm known for training animals to perform the feats some call remarkable and others just plain peculiar. Bunky's brainy brood does not stop at the O's and the X's. According to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, these chickens dance and play basketball too.

■

A slick chicken is back on the scene, but this time it's not alone.

■

NATIONAL REVIEW's budget for investigating strange tales from Arkansas has shrunk over the last couple of years, so I can't claim to have checked Boger's methods. There's talk, however, of "positive reinforcement" (basically the use of food as a reward) and other behaviorist techniques of the sort developed by the

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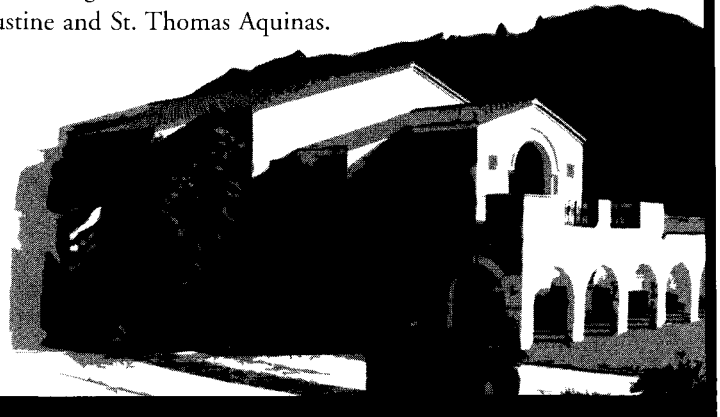

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psychologist B. F. Skinner. Broadly speaking, Skinner saw personality as a blank slate, pliant and ripe for conditioning. This is an idea that played no small part in the disasters of 20th-century collectivism, but it seems to work well when applied to chickens. Far mightier than the Mighty Ducks, Boger's chickens are tricky to lick. Recorded defeats are few and far between: just a handful this year, so rare that the two Tropicanas (Atlantic City and Las Vegas) are prepared to offer $10,000 to any customer able to take on the chicken, mano a claw, and win.

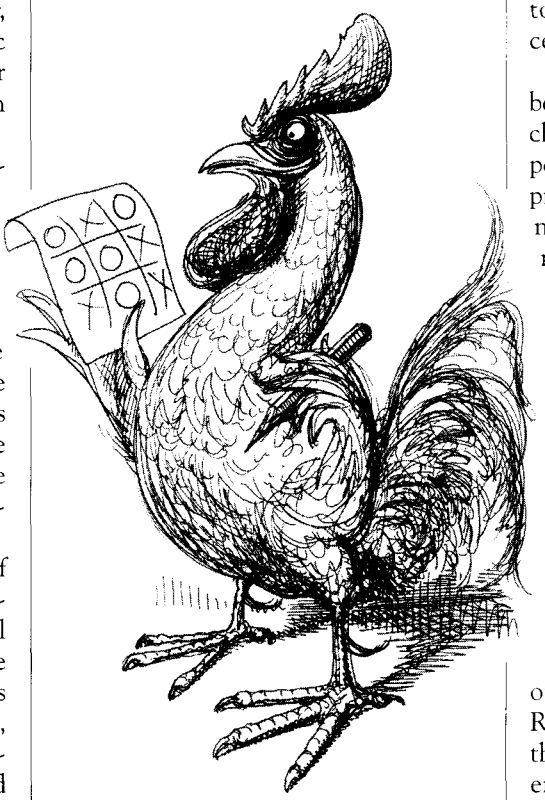
Ten thousand dollars? That's not chickenfeed. Maybe I was counting chickens before they were dispatched, but revenge, it seemed, was going to be profitable as well as sweet.

Outside the Las Vegas Tropicana, all is anticipation. Large signs proclaim the "Chicken Challenge—Play Tic-Tac-Toe With a Live Chicken." A poster shows a chicken contemplating a tic-tac-toe *Götterdämmerung*. The creature's blue eyes (contacts?) are bulging with tension. It's sweating pullets. Good.

Once you're inside, there is a brief detour for paperwork (tackling the chicken is free, but prospective foes of the fowl have to sign up beforehand for the casino's optimistically named "Winner's Club") and then it's on to the main event, first heralded by a glimpse of white feathers fluttering in a large, glass-fronted booth and an amazed Italian muttering, "*Pollo? Un pollo?*"

A crowd has gathered behind the velvet rope, would-be contestants (around 500 over a twelve-hour day) looking forward to the game, and, less admirably, spectators waiting to jeer. It's a tough arena. Be felled by the fowl, and the display attached to the booth will declare your shame for all to see with flashing lights and an announcement of the result ("Chicken wins"), followed by insulting slogans ("You're no egg-spert" is one of the milder examples). The crowd is no kinder. The losers slink off amid mocking laughter, crushed and beaten—well, a little embarrassed anyway.

And then it's my turn. I step up to the booth, staring fiercely at the chicken. It's time for some psychological warfare. The creature gazes back imperturbably. Is that intelligence I see in those beady black eyes? Is it a brainy bird or merely bird-brained? Mr. Boger seems unable to decide. In a confusing interview with the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, the Springdale Svengali boasted that his chickens were "smart little peckers" but then, in a disloyal twist (did a cock crow three times?), he went on to condemn them as "kind of simple-minded." "You wouldn't," he said, "want to take their advice on the stock market"—which, if New York



The defender, by Roman Genn

attorney general Eliot Spitzer is to be believed, would put the chickens on a par with a number of Wall Street's leading investment banks.

Simple-minded or not, my chicken moves away from the glass window of her booth and heads at a leisurely pace into a more secluded area, a "thinking" booth within the booth. Suddenly the chicken makes its choice (the bird always gets to go first). An O appears on an illuminated touch screen, together with the information that I have 15 seconds to respond. And so I do. X. My opponent operates under no such time constraints. As the seconds drag by, the display flashes up the words "Chicken's thinking," this contest's equivalent of the annoying little hourglass that always accompanies those slower software moments. There are, of course, some skeptics, wild-eyed folk—Chicken Challenge's *Capricorn One* crowd. They whine that the bird is a fake, a feint, fowl play at its worst. The thinking booth, they claim, is nothing more than a device to hide the fact that the chicken does nothing—its "moves" are all the work of a pre-programmed computer. Is there a HAL in the henhouse, an updated twist on "The Turk," that supposedly chess-playing automaton once famous for puzzling 18th-century Europe? I prefer not to think so.

O, X, O. As the game progresses, it becomes clear that it's too soon for the chicken to crow. The hen tenses. At one point a move is preceded by a savage, primeval display. Wings beat, and that noble head turns towards me, cruel, merciless, and proud. It's a chilling moment. The chicken, like all birds, is descended from the dinosaur. Could the Tropicana be transformed into Jurassic Park?

Well, no. An O and an X or so later, and the game draws to its close. It's a tie. The chicken acknowledges the result with a curt nod and turns away, ready for the next challenger. I walk off, honor satisfied, but true revenge for the Chinatown fiasco remains elusive. Next stop, Atlantic City.

In conclusion, it's important to point out that, in keeping with NATIONAL REVIEW's policy, no birds were harmed in the writing of this article. PETA, however, has complained about the Chicken Challenge, and a representative of the chicken activists at the Virginia-based United Poultry Concerns condemned the whole spectacle as "degrading" and "derisive." Judging by the Las Vegas setup, that seems harsh. The Chicken Challenge booth is relatively spacious and housed in an air-conditioned environment. There's food and water inside. What's more, according to a spokeswoman from the Tropicana, no one chicken has to play for more than about 90 minutes at a time. The booth is manned—if that's the word—by chickens drawn from a squad of 15 (all known as "Ginger"). Each Ginger is regularly rotated but never, apparently, rotisseried.

Bunky Boger himself seems untroubled by the controversy. As he explained to the *Review-Journal*: "A chicken would rather play tic-tac-toe than float around in a can with noodles."

Find me a chicken that could argue with that. **NR**

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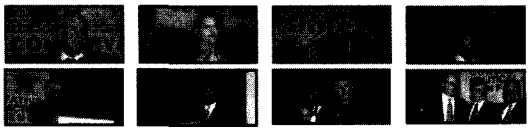

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■ COVER STORY ■

Bad Lands, Bad Votes

Putting Tim Johnson over the top, by any means necessary

BYRON YORK

On Election Day, Noma Sazama knew something unusual was going on the moment she arrived at her polling place, the St. Thomas Parish Hall in Mission, South Dakota. Sazama, a member of the local election board, noticed several strangers in the room—an unusual sight in Mission, population 904, where most people know one another. It turned out the strangers were all lawyers, Democrats who had come to town to serve as poll watchers for the race between incumbent Democratic senator Tim Johnson and Republican John Thune. One was from Washington, D.C., another was from New York City, and a third was from California. "There were no locals, and I've never seen that happen before," says Sazama, who has lived in the area for 73 years.

According to Sazama, the Democratic team quickly set up shop in the Parish Hall kitchen, just a few feet from the tables where voters would cast their ballots. The party had rented dozens of vans and hired drivers to bring voters to the polls, and the out-of-state lawyers made the kitchen their transportation headquarters. "I saw this young man from New York with boxes of file cards," Sazama says. "They had the names and time-of-pickup and whether someone voted on them, and from those he would contact the drivers." It took her a few minutes to realize that the Democrats intended to run their get-out-the-vote effort from inside the polling place.

As they worked, the lawyers were constantly on the phone in the kitchen. It was the only phone in the Parish Hall, and on more than one occasion election officers were unable to make calls when they needed to. Sazama, a Republican, worried about that, and so did Nancy Wanless, a Democrat who served as the precinct's election supervisor. "A lot of times it was hard for me," says Wanless. "They were on the phone using it to call I don't know where, and I needed to call because we had some new districting. They were always talking on it." When Wanless protested, she got a chilly reaction from the out-of-towners. "I felt like they were trying to intimidate me," she recalls.

Through much of the day, Sazama wondered whether it was legal for the Democrats to use the precinct as a campaign office. "I didn't think that had any business in our polling place," she says. "If they wanted to do that, they could have had an office away from where we were doing the voting." In fact, such tactics are specifically forbidden by South Dakota law. But Sazama didn't know that, and there were no Republican lawyers, from out of state or anywhere else, at the precinct to help her (the GOP poll watchers were all locals, like Sazama). So she did nothing.

The big-city attorneys were part of a force of 10,000 lawyers deployed nationwide by the Democratic National Committee, ostensibly to ensure that voters' rights would be protected. But there is compelling evidence to suggest that at least some of the lawyers did just the opposite. According to the testimony of dozens of South Dakotans who worked at the polls, the out-of-state attorneys engaged in illegal electioneering, pressured poll workers to accept questionable ballots, and forced polling places in a heavily Democratic area to stay open for an hour past their previously-announced closing time. In addition, the testimony contains evidence of people being allowed to vote with little or no identification, of incorrectly marked ballots being counted as Democratic votes, of absentee ballots being counted without proper signatures, and, most serious of all, of voters who were paid to cast their ballots for Sen. Johnson.

The stories are told in more than 40 affidavits collected by Republicans in the days after the election and obtained by National Review. That evidence, along with interviews with state and local officials, suggests that Johnson may have benefited from hundreds of votes that were the product of polling-place misconduct. Had those votes not been added to

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his total, it seems likely that the senator, who won by just 524 votes, would instead have lost, and John Thune would today be South Dakota's senator-elect.

A WAD OF CASH

Ed Assman is a retired highway-patrol officer who lives in Pierre, the state capital. He has several relatives who are politically active in Todd County, home of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, and on Election Day he traveled to the small town of Parmelee, in the northwest part of the county, to serve as a Republican poll watcher. The precinct where he worked was in a place known as the Elderly Nutrition Center.

"It was one big open room," Assman recalls, about 20 feet by 45 feet. At one end were tables for election officials and voters. Poll watchers sat at another table. The main Democratic poll watcher was from Washington, and he set up an area not far from the voting table from which he directed the van operation that picked up Democratic voters. "It was obvious that they were running their campaign headquarters out of there," says Assman. "The drivers of the vans were coordinating their efforts with Democratic poll watchers inside the polling place." Assman's recollection is quite similar to what Sazama saw in Mission. And at yet another precinct, in the town of Rosebud, a witness who asked not to be identified says he also saw Democratic poll workers running a carpool system "out of the polling place."

South Dakota law states that "No person may, in any polling place or within or on any building in which a polling place is located or within one hundred feet from any entrance leading into a polling place, maintain an office or communications center. . . ." The Democrats' get-out-the-vote work appears to have violated that law, something state officials conceded after the election. "That type of office operation to conduct a partisan campaign operation should not have been happening at the polling place," said Chris Nelson, the state election supervisor, in an interview with the local *Todd County Tribune*.

But some witness accounts raise an issue that is potentially more serious than the breach of the anti-electioneering law. On one occasion, Ed Assman saw van drivers approach a Democratic poll watcher in the Parmelee precinct. "I heard the driver say, 'We need money,'" Assman recalls. "The guy rolled out cash and gave cash to each guy." Assman says he could not see how much money the man handed out, but another witness got a somewhat better view. "It was a wad of twenties," says the witness, who asked that his name not be used. The same person says the Democratic poll watcher later explained that the payment was "gas money."

Another GOP poll watcher says that, in Mission, he saw "the chief Democratic poll worker who coordinated the van transportation effort [pay] a van driver cash in the polling place." These instances of money changing hands have raised suspicions that Democrats were perhaps buying more than gasoline. And indeed, three people in Todd County have signed affidavits swearing that a driver offered them money in exchange for their votes.

"I was given a ride to the polls in a van with 'Tim Johnson for Senate' signs in the window," reads one affidavit. "I was promised $10 if I would go vote. . . . I voted at a precinct located in Mission, South Dakota. . . . When [the driver] dropped me off, he offered me $10 for voting." The other two affidavits tell the same story. None explicitly says the voters accepted the money—this would be a confession of a crime—but there is little doubt that they did. And even if they did not, simply offering money for a vote is a crime under South Dakota law, which forbids anyone "to pay, lend, contribute, or offer . . . any money or other valuable consideration" to anyone for a vote.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Twice in late October, Todd County auditor Kathleen Flakus published a notice in the *Todd County Tribune* announcing that on Election Day the polls would be open from 7:00 A.M. until 7:00 P.M., Central Standard Time. There was nothing unusual about that. Everything in Todd County, including elections, operates on Central Time, and has for as long as anyone can remember.

But according to government maps, Todd County is actually just west of the time-zone line that runs through South Dakota—meaning that it in fact falls in Mountain Time (one hour earlier), not Central Time. While that's a meaningless distinction for most locals, on Election Day it came to play an important role in Tim Johnson's victory.

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Everything in Todd County, including elections, operates on Central Time, and has for as long as anyone can remember. But the out-of-state Democratic lawyers had a different idea.

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Early that morning, a man named Iver Crow Eagle, a Democratic election official who was supposed to bring the ballot boxes to the St. Francis polling place in Todd County, showed up late, about 7:45 A.M. That meant the polling place didn't open until shortly before 8:00. Normally, that wouldn't be a big deal; the precinct could stay open for a full twelve hours under a South Dakota law that allows the county auditor to keep any precinct open late if there has been an unforeseen delay.

But the out-of-state Democratic lawyers had a different idea. Not long after the opening of the St. Francis precinct, they demanded that *all* precincts in the heavily Democratic county be kept open an additional hour. (They made the same demand for all precincts in less-populous Mellette County, next to Todd, which is also west of the time line and also keeps Central Time.) The lawyers argued that the law required that the polls stay open until 7:00 P.M. *Mountain Time*, which meant staying open for a total of thirteen hours rather than twelve.

Local election officials were flabbergasted. "I said, 'Why should people have to vote on Mountain Time when they live by Central Time?'" says Flakus, a Democrat. "To me, it just didn't make sense. And it still doesn't." But the out-of-

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state Democrats were adamant. They argued with state officials, who were forced to concede that Todd and Mellette counties were, officially if not in any other way, in Mountain Time. "I got a call from the attorney general's office that said you will be open until 7:00 P.M. Mountain Time, and if we don't we'll be in violation of Section Five of the Voting Rights Act," Flakus says.

In the precincts, no one could understand what all the fuss was about. Nancy Wanless, the Democratic election supervisor in Mission, was surprised to hear the Democratic poll watcher from California talking about time zones. "She says, 'Isn't this Mountain Time?'" Wanless recalls. "I said, 'No, it's not, we've always been on Central.' She stuck her nose where it doesn't belong and I don't know what strings she pulled. . . . She makes phone calls and tells me that I am supposed to stay open until 8:00 P.M. [Central Time]. I said, 'I can't.' I was going by my book. She got mad and said, 'Well, you have to!'"

Late in the afternoon, Republicans made a last-minute attempt to close the polls at the normal time. State law requires that polling places be open from 7:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M., they argued, which means that the legislature clearly intended for voting booths to be open for twelve hours. "Allowing the polls to remain open thirteen rather than twelve hours would unconstitutionally and improperly dilute the votes of voters who voted during proper hours," the suit read. As a fallback position, the GOP requested that, if the polls remained open, ballots cast after 7:00 P.M. Central Time be segregated from other ballots in case a judge later ruled in favor of the original closing time.

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The affidavits suggest there may indeed have been fraudulent absentee-ballot requests that prosecutors did not know about and that were discovered only on Election Day.

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A state circuit-court judge dismissed the suit without comment, and the polls stayed open until 8:00 P.M. Central Time. Since the ballots were not segregated, it's not clear how many people voted during that extra hour, but it appears the number was significant. One witness who took care to count says he saw 103 people vote during that time in Mission, the largest precinct. In St. Francis, another observer counted 22 additional voters. Given the voting patterns of the area, it's likely that nearly all of those extra votes were Democratic. There are no reliable numbers for the six other polling places in Todd County, but it seems reasonable to estimate that the extended voting hours gave Tim Johnson an additional 200 or so votes. Mellette County accounted for a few more.

FRAUD? WHAT FRAUD?

In the months leading up to the election, South Dakota Democrats joined with the national Democratic party to organize a massive voter-registration drive. Specifically targeting the state's Indian reservations, the campaign was successful beyond anyone's estimation, signing up 17,000 new voters. But it set off a scandal when news reports revealed that the party paid bounty hunters $3 per head to register people to vote—a system that even neutral observers admitted was an invitation to fraud.

One party activist, a woman named Becky Red Earth Villeda, made nearly $13,000 by collecting names on voter-registration cards and absentee-ballot requests, almost all of them on the state's Indian reservations. Before the election, state prosecutors announced that they had found 15 phony ballots associated with Villeda, were investigating 1,700 others, and intended to indict her. "It appears that we were able to get her stopped before she actually cast any fraudulent ballots," says Larry Long, South Dakota's chief deputy attorney general. "But it's conceivable that she was able to get ballots cast that we don't know about."

Democrats scoffed at allegations of voter fraud—a local party spokeswoman dismissed them as "pure political spin." But the affidavits suggest there may indeed have been fraudulent absentee-ballot requests that prosecutors did not know about and that were discovered only on Election Day. Three examples come from Dewey County, on the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation, where Villeda focused a significant part of her efforts.

One observer noted that at his precinct in Dewey "during the course of the day 15 to 20 voters came to vote and the book [of registered voters] indicated they had requested absentee ballots when they had not." One man, the affidavit says, "stated that [the] signature on an absentee ballot request was not his." Several others "stated they made no such request." At another precinct in Dewey, a witness said, "There were ten people who arrived at the polls and the book indicated that they had requested absentee ballots." And at yet another Dewey polling place, an observer wrote, "Seven people had problems while trying to vote because the book listed them as absentee voters." If those problems were discovered only when voters themselves showed up at the polls, it seems reasonable to suspect that there might have been other cases in which absentee ballots were actually cast improperly and were not discovered because the person in whose name the application was made did not appear at the polls.

That seems to have happened in Todd County, too, where Noma Sazama saw a number of ballots that didn't look right. The election board was required to check the signature on the absentee-ballot request against the signature on the actual ballot, and to count the vote only if the two matched. As officials counted the ballots, Sazama came across several votes "where the signatures compared, but they looked like all the same handwriting." Sazama recalls that the votes "all looked like they had been signed by the same person, but the signatures compared, so they were counted."

Beyond the absentee questions, there were widespread problems with voter identification. Many polling-place officials on the reservations used extraordinarily lenient standards to determine the names of people who arrived to vote. South Dakota law does not require a voter to present identification or to sign a list when he votes. In the affidavits there

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are descriptions of a number of incidents similar to this one, written by a GOP poll watcher in Mellette County:

> On many occasions during the voting process, I observed voters who presented themselves to election judges by stating their names. The election judges advised these voters that the name given was not on the official list of registered voters. On many occasions the election judges would then read several names to these voters, asking questions such as, "could it be under" a name entirely different than the name given by the voter. On numerous occasions, these voters would eventually (after one or more alternate names were suggested by the election judge) agree that one of the names suggested was in fact such voter's name. All of these voters were permitted to vote.

In Shannon County, home of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, another observer noticed that when election officials could not find a voter's name on the voter list, "The official and voter would then discuss aliases—all the while as the voter had full view of the names listed in the registered voter book. These voters would eventually agree that one of the names was in fact such voter's name. All of these voters were permitted to vote." And in Todd County, Ed Assman saw much the same thing. "A woman would come up and they'd say, 'What's your name?'" Assman recalls. "She'd give a name and they'd say it wasn't listed, then she would give another name and they'd say that wasn't listed, and then she'd give yet another name, and maybe that would work."

All the while, Democratic poll watchers pressured election officials to allow people to vote, whatever the problem with names. "They were like hawks. All day long the board was intimidated by them," says one local Republican election-board member who asked that his name and polling place not be used. In another county, where the Democratic team included a labor-union official from Washington, a GOP observer adds, "One of the board members said, 'We really felt intimidated by them, like they knew more than we did.' The election board was answering to them."

THE DEMOCRATS' MYSTERIOUS SURGE

In spite of the alleged improprieties that helped pile up votes for Johnson, Thune held a narrow lead through most of Election Night. According to an Associated Press report, early on Wednesday morning, when 838 out of the state's 844 precincts had reported (99.3 percent of the total), Thune led Johnson by 166,588 to 165,639 votes. It was close, but Thune led by nearly 1,000 votes with just six precincts left to count.

One of those precincts made no real difference in the vote; the delay was the result of a mechanical problem in a county that had experienced no irregularities. That left the last five precincts, all in Shannon County, as Johnson's last hope of victory.

And Shannon came through. Johnson won 91.4 percent of the county's vote—an unusually high percentage even in that overwhelmingly Democratic area—and pulled ahead as the last precinct was counted. But as it turns out, there were significant problems with many of the ballots that put Johnson over the top. According to local officials, hundreds of those ballots were incorrectly marked and were spit out by the machines that were supposed to read them. "Our optical scan machines rejected a lot of the ballots," says Sherrill Dryden, the auditor for Shannon and neighboring Fall River counties. "It slowed us down a lot." According to state rules, any ballot that is rejected by the scanning machine must be given to a resolution committee. If committee members believe they can determine the intent of the voter, they fill out a duplicate ballot and send it through the scanner. That takes a lot of time.

In Shannon County, the committee was made up of one Republican and one Democrat. The Republican half was a woman named Lee Linehan, who is the chairman of the local GOP. She had never before examined ballots and was unfamiliar with the rules governing the process. "I don't know the laws," she told NATIONAL REVIEW a few days after the election. "I did what they told me to do." It was a busy, stressful night, Linehan said, with the vote-counting lasting until about 6:30 A.M. on Wednesday. By that time, she was exhausted, having been up for more than 24 hours. "Things were kind of fuzzy," she said.

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The accounts of dozens of eyewitnesses suggest that the electoral system was not fully trustworthy and in fact failed to stop serious violations of election laws.

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Interviewed again two weeks later, Linehan said she had since learned that many of the ballots she reviewed could have been declared invalid, because they did not contain marks in the designated space opposite a candidate's name. "I didn't know that," she says. "I'm not a lawyer." (The Democrat on the resolution committee was a lawyer.) But Linehan says she nevertheless believes the voters' intent was discernible on the ballots she corrected and sent through the scanner, and to throw them out would have disenfranchised the voters involved. Still, she wishes she had known more going into the process, given the problems that came up. "I believe the race would have been much closer had we paid more attention," she says.

AN ARMY OF LAWYERS

Late in the morning of November 6, just a few hours after Linehan examined her last ballot, Tim Johnson greeted a crowd of supporters at his headquarters in Sioux Falls. "I think we can be proud as South Dakotans," Johnson said, "that every vote was counted, every vote was counted correctly, and that our electoral system is one that we can trust with pride in our state."

It would perhaps be unrealistic to expect him to say anything else, but the accounts of dozens of eyewitnesses at the polling places suggest that, contrary to the senator's claim, the electoral system was not fully trustworthy and in fact failed to stop serious violations of election laws committed by Johnson's supporters. It might seem that those

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violations involved relatively small numbers of votes—maybe 200 in Todd County, another 250 in Shannon, 100 from Dewey County, and perhaps another 200 around the rest of the state. But Johnson won by just 524 votes, and it seems reasonable to conclude that, had Democratic misconduct not occurred in those counties, John Thune would have won.

Because Johnson's margin of victory was so narrow, Thune had the option, under South Dakota law, of calling for a recount. But much of the misconduct described in the affidavits would not have been uncovered in a recount—something Thune acknowledged when, on November 13, he announced he would not put the people of South Dakota through a "long, drawn-out, painful, and protracted struggle over 524 votes." Still, Thune broadly hinted that something had gone terribly wrong on Election Day. "Are there questions that need to be answered about the outcome of this election?" he asked. "I believe there are. Did things happen that shouldn't have in some polling places around the state? I believe they did."

Who's to blame? Certainly some of the problems with the election were homegrown. For example, there have long been allegations of voting irregularities on some of the reservations, particularly in tribal elections. But many of the problems in the Johnson–Thune race went far beyond local fraud, and are instead attributable to the team of party operatives sent to South Dakota from the DNC's headquarters in Washington.

While Republicans can legitimately complain about such tactics, the GOP also bears responsibility for not seeing the problem coming. Before the election, DNC chairman Terry McAuliffe promised an unprecedented legal presence at polls in every state. "The DNC has trained 10,000 lawyers that will be working in precincts all across America," McAuliffe said on television shortly before Election Day. "This is a very serious issue for us." But it wasn't a very serious issue for Republicans. "They're making noises about how many lawyers they are sending out into the precincts," one GOP official said before the election. "But there aren't 10,000 election lawyers in *America*."

Perhaps not, but there were a lot of them in South Dakota. And beyond the numbers, it appears that Republicans failed to fully comprehend the implications of McAuliffe's plan. The DNC chairman said his lawyers would be on the lookout to prevent voter fraud, which sounded benign enough. But the evidence from South Dakota suggests that some of them were on the lookout to *commit* voter fraud—to steal the election under the guise of preventing it from being stolen.

Even now, some Republicans don't seem particularly alarmed by what happened. They were able to win the Senate while losing South Dakota and are not inclined to fight over a race that would not affect the balance of power in Washington. But there is plenty of reason for the GOP to worry. The Democrats' South Dakota strategy—combining an aggressive voter-registration drive, hard-charging legal teams in the precincts, and a bit of old-fashioned fraud—could be a model for close races in years to come. Yes, Democrats lost the Senate. But their tactics won in South Dakota, and they might well win elsewhere in the future. **NR**

How They Did It

An 'evil one' confesses, and boasts

JOEL MOWBRAY

SITTING on the floor of his Karachi apartment, Ramzi bin al-Shibh laid out in stunning detail the anatomy of the 9/11 attacks. As one of the masterminds of September 11, he had a lot to share. Talking this June with a reporter from al-Jazeera—the Arab-language network of choice for Qaeda terrorists—bin al-Shibh discussed everything from the "conquests and heroism of Islam" to America's support for Israel, in addition, of course, to the particulars of 9/11. What he did not know at this point was that his days in freedom were numbered.

Shortly after al-Jazeera announced the existence of the audiotaped interview and its broadcast date of September 12, 2002, a Pakistani SWAT team—on the anniversary of 9/11—stormed bin al-Shibh's apartment, arresting him after a violent struggle. NATIONAL REVIEW has obtained a translation of the interview, courtesy of 9/11 Families United to Bankrupt Terrorism, the group suing, among others, the Saudi royal family.

In recent months, bin al-Shibh has emerged as a central figure in the September 11 plot. Most of the press attention has focused on how he was going to lead a fifth hijacking—likely targeting the White House—but could not secure a visa. (He applied for a visa in both Germany and his native Yemen, but not, unfortunately for him, in Saudi Arabia.) The ever-expanding dossier on him includes logistical and financial support for the 9/11 terrorists, and he is a major figure in several American and European trials of Qaeda operatives.

Ramzi bin al-Shibh was extremely close to Mohamed Atta, believed to be the ringleader of the 19 hijackers, and the "pilot" of the plane that was crashed into the north tower of the World Trade Center. In 1998 and 1999, bin al-Shibh roomed with Atta in an apartment in Hamburg, where both also belonged to a Qaeda cell that included two of the other 9/11 "pilots," Marwan al-Shehhi and Ziad al-Jarrah. Bin al-Shibh later served as Atta's point of contact in the months leading up to September 11. At that time, and in the year afterward, bin al-Shibh also worked closely with Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, who is thought to be the new operational leader of al-Qaeda and the man who dreamed up 9/11. (He was in the room with bin al-Shibh and the Jazeera reporter on that day in June.) Bin al-Shibh reverted to a managerial role only after spending many months preparing to be the "fifth pilot" on September 11.

The interview with Jazeera reporter Yosri Fouda—who was blindfolded and made to switch cars repeatedly before reaching bin al-Shibh's apartment—has been only cursorily covered in the American press. It deserves greater attention for what it reveals.

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BLENDING IN

Once Atta, al-Shehhi, and al-Jarrah arrived in the United States (Hani Hanjour, believed to have piloted the plane that was crashed into the Pentagon, had been in the United States on and off since 1991), each was responsible for adopting a "cover" that would allow him to blend in. As Ramzi bin al-Shibh says, "Every brother would look at what suited him best in terms of cover, according to his age and educational standard, his physiognomy and the like, and he would consult with his brothers and exchange views with them, and the operation of adopting a security cover is in essence a process aimed at deceiving the security services generally and mystifying the people around him."

After the assumption of an American identity "came the phase of looking for aviation schools." Bin al-Shibh says that schools in the United States were chosen because "the prices in America were convenient and the weather was ideal, allowing for more flying hours, especially in the coastal states such as Florida, and besides, the term of study is not long." Bin al-Shibh, who paid a $2,200 deposit to a flight school in August 2000, would have joined his confrères—if only he could have gotten a visa.

Upon completing flight school, "all the brother pilots . . . increase[d] the flight hours and master[ed] the art of flying in the simulators of big jumbo jets, such as [the] Boeing 747 and Boeing 767." The next step was to "study the security arrangements that are adopted at all the airports, and establish a comprehensive picture about the procedures at all the airports, such as the JFK Airport for instance, and also unravel the security loopholes that exist at these airports, find out the trips that depart and arrive at these airports, and the level of security at these airports." To learn the security protocols on the ground and in the air, several of the terrorists took flights from the East Coast to California. Bin al-Shibh claims that al-Shehhi (pilot of the flight that was crashed into the south tower of the World Trade Center) and al-Jarrah (pilot of Flight 93, which was crashed in Pennsylvania) were tailed by "American intelligence officers" as they were making these dry runs. If true, that would mean that two other 9/11 terrorists—besides Nawaf al-Hazmi and Khalid al-Mihdhar, who were both on the plane that was crashed into the Pentagon—were under the FBI's watchful eye before September.

Starting in April 2001, the remaining 14 hijackers—al-Hazmi was already in the country, having flunked out of flight school—came to the United States two at a time, the last pair arriving in late June. Since the four hijacking crews operated as four distinct cells—Atta did not have any contact, according to bin al-Shibh, with al-Hazmi or Hanjour until near the end of the planning stages—communication had to be facilitated not just with Qaeda leaders overseas, but also between the different hijacking crews. Bin al-Shibh, who was in Germany, served as Atta's intermediary, passing information on to Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, who as in Afghanistan. Bin al-Shibh says that communications were "constant and continuous until a few hours before the night of the execution." He explains, "Each phase has a language of communication that differs from the following one; and before each phase, a meeting takes place and an agreement is reached over this language. If the meeting could not be convened and something unexpected occurred, we rely on a new means of communication, which is used only once and for this unexpected manner only, then we would not resort to it again." To avoid detection, "Your messages or your speech must not contain any controversy."

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Upon completing flight school, 'all the brother pilots . . . increase[d] the flight hours and master[ed] the art of flying in the simulators of big jumbo jets.'

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LEGACY

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Bin al-Shibh views communications as "the dangerous security gap through which the enemy could infiltrate and attempt to foil any operation. Therefore it is imperative to determine the most secure means of communication and determine an alternative means in case this becomes necessary." He continues, "It is imperative to have simplicity in the language of communication and sophistication in the method of communication."

In one Internet chat-room exchange, where bin al-Shibh posed as Atta's girlfriend "Jenny," Atta wrote, "The first semester starts in three weeks. Nothing has changed. Everything is fine. There are good signs and encouraging ideas. Two high schools and two universities. Everything is going according to plan. This summer will surely be hot. I would like to talk to you about a few details. Nineteen certificates for private study and four exams. Regards to the professor. Goodbye."

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Contradicting some news reports, bin al-Shibh claims that 'all those [19 September 11] brothers were aware of the fact that they were going to carry out martyrdom operations.'

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Boasting about conducting such communications without attracting attention from the FBI or the CIA, bin al-Shibh says that al-Qaeda has placed "the enemy in an awkward position and between a hammer and a nail; either he monitors all the electronic communications and all telephone calls in the world, or he reverts back to the era before the telephone and the Internet. Something which is very difficult, very difficult for him."

'THE MAGNITUDE OF THIS OPERATION'

Illustrating the decentralized nature of al-Qaeda, the date of September 11 was chosen not by Qaeda leaders in Afghanistan, but by Atta and al-Hazmi—something they did roughly two weeks before the attacks. Word of the imminent attacks soon spread to Qaeda operatives throughout the world. Says bin al-Shibh, "So [Allah] ordered the brothers to increase their invocations and their supplications to Allah the Almighty during their prayers, for the sake of their brothers, to protect them and to grant them victory over the Americans, and then there was a general alert in all the camps, and all the residential areas were evacuated, and the brothers were dispersed." However, "they were not initially aware of the magnitude of this operation, nor of its location."

Contradicting some news reports, bin al-Shibh claims that "all those [19 September 11] brothers were aware of the fact that they were going to carry out martyrdom operations . . . and they were not too bothered about the details." Bin al-Shibh himself bothered about the details. Separate plans were drawn up by each of the four cells, concerning where each terrorist would sit, and who would do what. Key to the planning was the ability to book tickets over the Internet, which bin al-Shibh notes "allows you to choose the seat that suits you onboard the aircraft, [and allowed] all the brothers to memorize totally the shapes of the aircraft, the seats, and the numbers according to the fact that they had explored them beforehand, therefore it was necessary for these reserved seats to allow the brother the freedom of movement and rapid maneuver." The terrorists within each group were "distributed inside the aircraft by specific seats, in the first class and business class. The brother, the pilot, would be in the first class so that he may head first towards the cockpit, and with him the two other brothers who would assist him in storming the cockpit when its door is opened."

"The work was divided inside the aircraft. A group was assigned the task of storming the cockpit and the other group's task was to support the first group and provide it with protection from the back, and prevent any attempt at foiling the process of storming the cockpit. Obviously the group storming the cockpit is formed of two persons. It would be the nearest group to the cockpit, in order to seize the opportunity when the door is opened and enter into it swiftly, take it over and slaughter all of those inside and then the brother pilot comes very quickly to assume the rest of the mission and guide the aircraft." Each of the two-man "groups" had its own violent "mission": "The storming group's mission is to seize the cockpit in a record time and get rid of all those inside it at the same time. Meanwhile, the mission of the protection team is to protect the back of the executing brothers, impede the security men and deal with them swiftly by slitting their throats and getting rid of them, while the pilot goes quickly to the cockpit to take control of the aircraft."

Stressing the importance of timing, bin al-Shibh says, "The first quarter of an hour from takeoff is the golden opportunity to seize the aircraft and take control and steer it toward the targets." The entire process must be completed in "six minutes at the most, because there are other aircraft still in the air as well." Once the hijackings were underway, there was "contact between the aircraft so that the brothers were reassured about one another." Bin al-Shibh gives other details about what happened during the hijackings, e.g., "Amzi, one of the youths, had slaughtered one of the security guards."

WEEPING FOR JOY

In the Qaeda universe, "everyone was crying on the day of the operation and praying for the brothers and pursuing the news via the satellite channels. Some of them were pursuing the news on the Internet." They were beside themselves with glee. "No one had imagined that these towers would collapse and turn into rubble and dust in this manner." Bin al-Shibh seems particularly pleased about the massive media coverage, noting, "No one had known that these operations would be recorded and that they would be filmed and that the world would see it in this manner. So it was a blessing from Allah the Almighty."

Bin al-Shibh crows that the entire U.S. government and

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the American people were "in a state of hysteria": "President Bush was hiding and no one knew his whereabouts, his deputy [Vice President Cheney] hides underground, and the members of the American Congress scattered all over the place." On hearing this news, Qaeda operatives "wept from joy" and shouted "Allah is greatest!"

Bin al-Shibh fully expected a Qaeda "victory," if for no other reason than that "Muslims" have a successful track record. "The history of the Muslims is full of such conquests and victories." He compares 9/11 to Afghan mujahedeen's defeat of the old Soviet Union: "What is known to the whole world [is] that the mujahedeen, in their first struggle against the Russians, were a direct cause for the annihilation of this superpower at the time, with the grace of Allah the Almighty."

Mocking Bush's contention that Islam is a "religion of peace," bin al-Shibh suggests that violence is inherent in Islam. "And this head of infidelity, Bush, has appointed himself as imam for the Muslims, teaching them that Islam is a religion of peace, and that jihad is terrorism, and that the mujahideen are terrorists, just like that, with utmost boldness and arrogance." He accuses the U.S. of attempting to influence what Muslims learn in Islamic nations. "They spend for the sake of this huge amounts of money in order to modify the educational curricula in the Islamic world, in order to turn them into Islamic educational curricula according to the American way."

Bin al-Shibh also chastises non-violent Muslims, saying that violence is the "tax" that all Muslims "must pay." "This is the tax for gaining authority on earth. It is imperative to pay a price for Heaven, for the commodity of Allah is dear, very dear. It is not acquired through rest, but [rather] blood and torn-off limbs must be the price." He views the "obligation of jihad" as equally important to the duties of prayer and charity. "This is in the hereafter, whereas in this life, the promise is victory and authority; and before all of this, this obligation, the obligation of jihad, is just like the other religious obligations. In terms of prayer and zakat [charity] and the like; this obligation has been forsaken, thus it must be established, and the punishment awaiting those who neglect it is painful and harsh."

Underscoring his contempt for non-violent Muslims, he states, "He who does not grasp this understanding, he does not perceive the nature of this religion."

To say it again: Bin al-Shibh was alive to tell the tale to al-Jazeera's reporter because his role in 9/11 was switched from that of "pilot" to coordinator. He failed to obtain a visa to enter the United States. Had he gotten a visa in any of his four attempts—two in Germany and two in Yemen—he would have attempted to pilot a fifth hijacked plane, most likely into the White House. It was hardly coincidental that the 14 September 11 terrorists who came to the United States between April 2001 and June 2001 arrived from the country where the State Department had provided an open door: Saudi Arabia.

Ramzi bin al-Shibh certainly knew the importance of easy visas: "The remaining 14 brothers [from Saudi Arabia] entered without any hindrances or problems, thank Allah." **NR**

Out of Lebanon

The fate of Christians, the fate of a country

ROD DREHER

THE old man standing outside Brooklyn's Maronite cathedral after Sunday liturgy is just back from a visit to his native Lebanon. His face is grim, his tone close to desolate. "It's over for the Christians there," he says. "There is no future. The Syrians have almost destroyed it for us. You can't blame the Christians for wanting to leave."

Inside the church, worshipers have just completed the Sunday liturgy, and are filing into the back hall for a special dinner honoring Lebanon's national holiday. The congregation is composed of the descendants of Lebanese immigrants, and a healthy number of new arrivals from the old country—whose presence is a sign of decline in the homeland of the Middle East's most vibrant Christian community.

"The Maronites want to get out of Lebanon," says Bernadette Karam. "A lot of people are waiting or hope, in any way, to leave the country. They're willing to buy visas, to do anything to escape."

"It's very dangerous there. Everybody is against us. We're scared. This is why we left," says Abdo Houayek, standing with his family. "I was born in 1960, but when I grew up in the 1970s, that's when the war started against the Christians. This is why we're scared. It's just best to take your kids and leave. If we have a democracy, we'll go back. But for now, it's too dangerous. This is not the first war against the Christians, or the last. . . . Those who can leave, are leaving."

There have been Maronites—Catholics who adhere to one of the Catholic Church's Eastern rites—in Lebanon for 1,700 years. Maronite Christianity arrived with a 4th-century monk named Maron, who—along with his followers—left the church in Antioch (in what is now Syria) after a theological dispute. Looking for a safe and defensible refuge, the Maronites settled around Mount Lebanon, near the Mediterranean coast.

For the many centuries since, Maronites have been practicing their faith and defending themselves against rival Christian sects as well as against Muslims. When the Crusaders arrived, the Maronites welcomed them, and subsequently entered into full communion with Rome. By far the largest Christian denomination in Lebanon, Maronites have since the Middle Ages considered themselves an outpost of the West in a hostile Muslim land. When the end of World War I brought with it the end of four centuries of Ottoman oppression, and delivered Lebanon into the hands of the French, Maronites realized a long-held dream: an independent, Christian-dominated Lebanon.

France designed Lebanon's government to favor the Maronites—which naturally upset the country's Muslims, who began decades of agitation for their fair share of power. The PLO's attempted takeover of the country in the early

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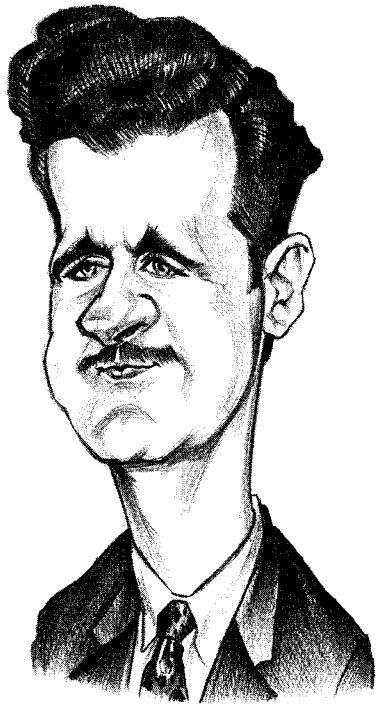
1970s exacerbated Muslim–Christian tension, and sparked the catastrophic civil war that began in 1975. Syria invaded in 1976, and remained throughout the conflict, which ended in 1990 with the signing of a peace treaty and the subsequent defeat of the last Maronite holdout, Gen. Michel Aoun.

The peace agreement called for the disarming of all militias, which, with the very important exception of Hezbollah, was accomplished. The Syrian army, too, was supposed to withdraw, but refused, citing the Israeli military presence in the southern Lebanon buffer zone. Israel withdrew entirely from Lebanon two years ago, but Syria remains, running the country as a vassal state. Damascus continues to wage a proxy war on Israel through Hezbollah, which it allows to operate in southern Lebanon.

THE VICHY OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Though reliable statistics are impossible to come by, the U.S. government estimates that Christians account for 30 percent of Lebanon's population of 3.5 million. The wartime exodus of Christians has continued in peacetime under the present Syrian-dominated government, which diaspora Lebanese liken to a Vichy regime. Though Lebanon is not an Islamic theocracy, Christians there have been effectively reduced to dhimmitude—second-class status—because of their opposition to the Syrian occupation. The puppet government in Beirut is adamant in oppressing the Christians: In recent weeks, they've shut down a Maronite television station and announced plans to prosecute Christian political leaders on dubious national-security charges.



The real boss of Lebanon: Syria's dictator Assad Jr., by Ismael Roldan

Chillingly, the regime is even trying to extend its reach to the diaspora. In October, Beirut issued instructions to its intelligence agents, telling them to keep track of Lebanese in America—"collaborators with the Israeli enemy"—who participated in a Maronite gathering in Los Angeles this year, or who support the Syria Accountability Act now before the U.S. Congress. On November 4, a group of Lebanese-American leaders wrote to attorney general John Ashcroft requesting an investigation into Beirut's spying on American citizens.

Even in the face of Beirut's aggressive tactics, Lebanese-American Christian activists sense that now may be the first chance in a decade—and maybe their last chance ever—to free their people from the Syrian yoke and turn Lebanon into a peaceful and prosperous pluralist democracy. If the U.S. is as serious as it claims to be about eliminating Islamic terror, Hezbollah must be crushed—and that would mean the eviction from Lebanon of its Syrian protectors.

That's why the diaspora leadership is so excited—and the Beirut government is so worried—about the Syria Accountability Act. The bill, which was introduced in both houses last April, would impose severe economic and diplomatic sanctions on Damascus until, among other things, it withdraws troops from Lebanon and ceases to support and harbor terrorists. Despite heavy bipartisan support for the legislation in both houses of Congress, however, the Bush administration opposes it, as does the State Department; aside from the merits of the legislation, any administration will oppose in principle an attempt by Congress to manage foreign policy. But there is also a feeling, particularly at State, that Syria is owed consideration for being helpful to America's war against al-Qaeda and Iraq. Since the September 11 attacks, the rattled regime of Bashar Assad has been trying to improve relations with the U.S., sharing intelligence and using its vote on the U.N. Security Council to back America's coming war against Saddam. State argues that Congress shouldn't jeopardize much-needed help from Syria. "What help?" snorts Johns Hopkins University Syria expert Marius Deeb. "Catching a few guys Syria doesn't want?"

Anti-Syrian Lebanese worry that the administration could in effect trade Lebanon to its occupier in exchange for help in the war with Iraq. There is precedent for this. "In the Gulf War, the Syrians offered to help against Saddam. America averted its gaze from the Syrian attack on Gen. Aoun," explains leading Middle East scholar Fouad Ajami, a native-born Lebanese Muslim. "[The late Hafez] Assad used the cover of the Gulf War to basically complete the takeover of Lebanon by eliminating the last pocket of resistance."

Mindful of this, a delegation of Lebanese-American Christian leaders paid a call on the State Department in mid November, to urge U.S. diplomats not to cut deals with Syria at Lebanon's expense. Dr. Ziad Abdelnour, president of the U.S. Committee for a Free Lebanon, accuses the "hardcore Arabists" of the State Department of running interference for Damascus. "I've been working with State for the past 20 or 30 years, and I'm telling you, nobody gives a damn about the Syrians, but they don't want to anger the Saudis, who protect Syria's interests," says Abdelnour.

Leaders of the Lebanese opposition criticized President Bush for meeting with Lebanese prime minister Rafik Hariri, who was in Washington last month to request support for international financial assistance to bail out his country's ailing economy. "The administration is playing into the hands of Syria," warns Abdelnour, who was a New York investment banker before taking up political activism. "Where is the money going? The country is controlled by Syria. Capital will not go there until the situation is fixed. Otherwise, you're throwing your money away."

True, Washington has more pressing concerns than removing Syria from Lebanon, but it's hard to see how the administration's long-term goals can be achieved without it. Apologists for the status quo argue that Syria has a history of

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responding to U.S. pressure by turning to America's enemies—but without the Soviet card to play against the U.S., and with the Iraqi regime about to be destroyed, that is now largely an empty threat.

If Syria and its terrorist clients can be coerced to withdraw, conditions are favorable for Lebanon to become a model of democracy and prosperity for a region that has known little of either. The entrepreneurial Lebanese have a reputation as a trading people, going back to the days of the Phoenicians. Indeed, before the country committed sectarian suicide in the 1970s, it was known as the Switzerland of the Middle East. Lebanon is also the only Arab nation that has had anything like free speech and democracy.

"Lebanese Christians have been carrying Western values since before the United States was founded," says Walid Phares, a political-science professor at Florida Atlantic University. "We could play a tremendous role in defending the interests of the international community. We should start talking to Americans and explain to them and to the world that we're not siding with the Arabists and Islamists against the West and Israel."

The longstanding Maronite alliance with Israel is a source of tension with Lebanese Muslims. In the 1940s, the Maronite patriarch extended a welcome to the Jewish immigrants to Palestine, correctly seeing the potential for an alliance with a Western-oriented people trying to survive amid hostile Muslims. During the civil war, Maronite militia forces had the backing of the Israelis, who crossed into Lebanon to pursue the PLO in 1982. The infamous massacre of unarmed Palestinians at the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps was carried out by Maronite militiamen, and the Israelis stood accused of allowing the murders to take place. Even today, many Maronites freely admit that their side did not have clean hands during the war, and committed atrocities just as their Muslim counterparts did. This ability to confess error is another reason some knowledgeable observers believe that a Syrian withdrawal would not carry with it a large risk of renewed civil war. "I think the Lebanese have learned the lessons of playing with fire," says Ajami. "They themselves set their country on fire, with a lot of help from the neighborhood. They've endured 25 years of hell, and they've learned that the country has to be shared."

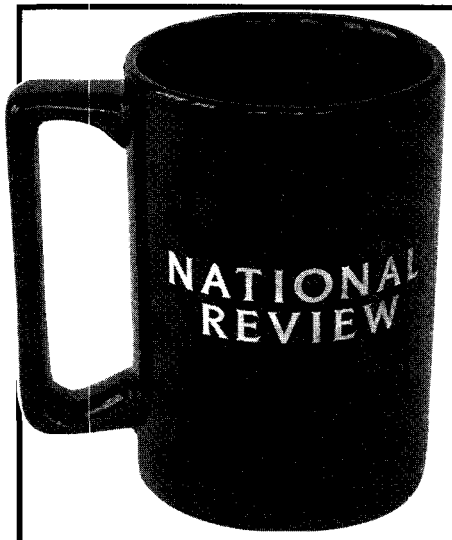
HOPE FOR LEBANON'S FUTURE

Ajami points out that, thanks largely to the Christian population, Lebanon's people are much better educated than others in the region, and thus would be "a damn good place to start" experimenting with the kind of democracy Washington would like to see take hold in the Middle East. A free and secular Lebanon would also benefit from the knowledge and expertise its expatriates acquired in the U.S. Abdelnour, 41, fled the war, earned a business degree at the Wharton School, and prospered in America; he says he and his Lebanese Muslim friends who have had a similar experience have learned from their adopted land the virtues of secular democracy, free markets, and the rule of law.

"These guys [Muslims] are the best of the best," Abdelnour says. "They went to Harvard Business School, they're great guys. They're not sectarian. They want to build the country too."

As it turns to debate on the Syria Accountability Act, Congress will want to ask: Why is it in America's interest to ignore these pro-Western Middle Easterners, and instead do the bidding of Syria's water-carriers in Saudi-funded think tanks and at Foggy Bottom? On the answer to that question hinges the fate of Lebanese Christians, and of Lebanon itself. If Syria is permitted to continue its stranglehold on Lebanon, by the time Washington gets around to paying attention—and attention must be paid, at some point—there may not be enough of these natural allies left with whom to build a democracy.

"The island that the Christians are living on within Lebanon is getting smaller and smaller," says Tony Feisal, who edits an Arabic community newspaper in New York. "If they can find a way to emigrate, they are doing it. At some stage, when you have at stake the welfare of your family, everything else is compromisable. The longer the situation persists, the longer the desperation grows. Once the Christians leave, they will probably only go back on a tourist visa." **NR**



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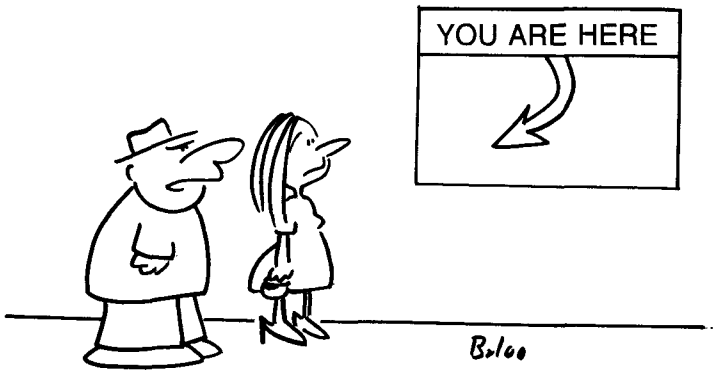

"Oh, sure—that's what they want *you to think."*

Saving the Queen

O, for the days when the Tudors
Maintained a dungeon in style:
Walsingham's racks were the latest,
While, in the Tower, the file
Primping for dates with the axman
Featured the rich and the posh.
Castle staff retailing gossip
Vanished at night, with the wash.

—W. H. von Dreele

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"MY FRIEND, WE NEED TO TALK..."

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

From the House of Saud to You

Greetings, Friends!
Some of you may think it's odd
To get a Christmas Poem from the House of Saud.
But we're for real—don't be cynical!
Don't be (oh, let's say it!) so rabbinical!
Christmas is a time of joy,
And PR campaigns to employ.
We're not so bad. We're not so weird.
Only some of us wear a creepy beard.
The rest of us are like the guy next door.
Why, we could all work at a convenience store!
But no! You see us in our desert apparel
And instantly think, "What's the price per barrel?"
We used to be friends! We used to be pals!
There's even a McDonald's in Al-Akwaqsal.
And a shiny new mall with a Fendi and Gap
And a food court with a Chili's with nothing on tap.
You see? We're a lot like you, but with oil and sand
(And yes, if you steal, we'll chop off your hand,
And the ladies aren't so much "married" as
"purchased" and "owned,"
If your wife wears lipstick she'll be publicly stoned,
Or whipped or beheaded if she looks at some guys
Or gives money to those with terrorist ties—
Well, not that.) We're not all nasty and mean,
We want to be friends. But it remains to be seen
Whether you do or not. Do you? We're waiting
For you to stop the mean comments and the
"towel-head" baiting
And the "unimpressed with their help" from
"White House sources"
And the kicking our kids out of flight-training
courses—
All of that stuff counts, it adds up (do you hear?)
To a too-expensive-to-drive Jeep Grand Wagoneer.
No! No! These are not threats of reprisal!
(Why, we've been allies since way back under Jolly
King Faisal!)
This is what friends do: We remind, we face facts,
And very occasionally sponsor a few terrorist acts,
But basically, down deep, we're good people, you
know,
Who every now and then have to put on a show
And pretend—just pretend—to deeply abhor you,
While way behind scenes we're secretly for you.
It's not really so strange. Haven't you ever paid
For something that truly makes you dismayed?
Have you ever written a big college check
To pay for some brat to learn truckloads of dreck
About recycling and Chile and world domination
And Marx and Sontag and girl masturbation?
It's like that for us. You're like us too.
We'd like it to stop, but what can you do?
So let's put it aside, agree to agree
(It'll all be okay, just wait and you'll see).
Rather than grab each other by the short and the
curly,
Just learn to get to the airport six hours early.
And don't hate us for sponsoring nefarious causes,
Just think of us as postmodern desert Santa Clauses,
Who bring good and bad, sometimes toys, sometimes
coals—
And not in a sled but in a shiny white Rolls.
So let's be friends again! Let's put it behind us,
And know that the New Year will surely find us
Back together like always. Just think outside the box!
Between friends what's a little—okay, a lot—of
smallpox?

So a Merry Christmas! A toast to the season!
A friendly greeting! No special reason!
To our friends in America, the U. S. of A.—
Our wish on this and every day
Is for peace and happiness and great good news
To each of you, all of you. (Except for the Jews.)

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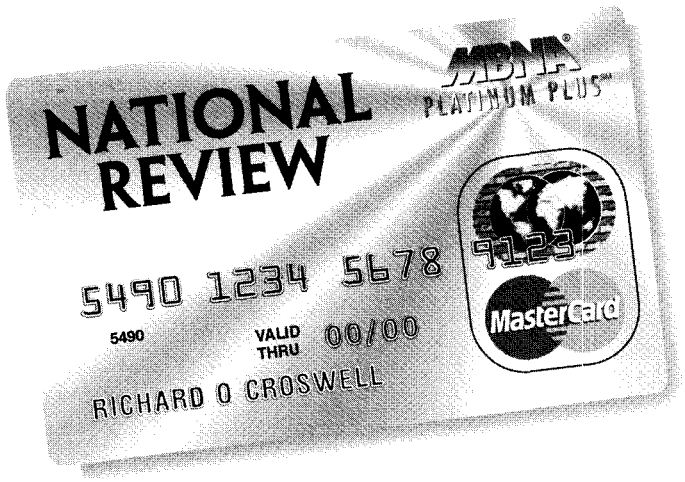
VALUE



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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Living Intelligence

JEFFREY HART

Lives of the Mind: The Use and Abuse of Intelligence from Hegel to Wodehouse, by Roger Kimball (Ivan R. Dee, 384 pp., $28.95)

I WAS not far into this book when I experienced a totally unexpected emotion. From Roger Kimball, the managing editor of *The New Criterion* and distinguished critic of culture, art, and literature, I have come to expect spirited writing—full of persuasive analysis, and of wit concentrated in aperçus and crystallized in epigrams. And in this regard, I was certainly not disappointed by Kimball's new book. What I was unprepared for was the shock of spiritual relief.

Relief from what? In brief, the civilized seriousness of these essays made me aware of how insidiously our rancid popular culture has come to invade our common being. The throwaway-Kleenex TV programs and magazines, the junk thought, the affirmations of the unbelievable, the garish music, the suffocating ignorance, the language unrooted in lived human experience—this is the muck we swim in, and even though we despise it, some of it sticks.

When Arthur Koestler was a prisoner during the Spanish Civil War—and due soon to face a firing squad—he quite amazingly came upon in his cell a book left behind by an earlier prisoner. The book was Mill's *On Liberty*, and to Koestler, in this absurd situation, it was an island of light. It did not matter what Mill said; his book was civilization. In fact, many of Mill's assertions in that book are thinkable only because a solid civilization surrounded, and excused, *On Liberty*. Mill had the good luck to be a Victorian.

Roger Kimball by Roman Genn

Kimball knows much that even the great Victorians did not know, but their civilizing spirit animates his book: high seriousness, erudition, wit, scope, sanity, and judgment. I am thinking of Macaulay's great essay on Johnson, of Carlyle on Boswell, of Mill on Coleridge, of the essays Leslie Stephen collected in *Hours in a Library*, of issue after issue of the *Westminster Review*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Fortnightly Review*, and *The Edinburgh Review*. No Kleenex culture there; these were lives of the mind.

This is not a miscellany of essays, but a book of consecutive reflection. Its title echoes Vasari's *Lives of the Artists*, and its smiling subtitle connects Hegel, Wodehouse, and other philosophers and artists as exercisers of intelligence, each in his fashion. Kimball discusses here 18 prominent lives of the mind, providing in each instance a deft and illuminating biographical profile. He begins with Raymond Aron, the French anti-utopian who possessed luminous sanity when everyone else at the Ecole Normale Supérieure—including Sartre and Beauvoir—was losing theirs. Aron knew that, at bottom, civilization rested on "dullness"—which he characterized as "an elaborate invention . . . for abolishing fierce passions." Aron graduated first in his class, a noble exception to the judgment of Pétain that graduates of the Ecole "knew everything, except anything."

"Opposition to the established order," wrote Aron, "is the occupational disease of intellectuals"; and he goes on to quote the declaration of Burke that prudence is truly "the god of this lower world." Burke is a key intellectual ancestor of Aron: In his 1756 essay "On the Sublime and Beautiful," he declared his aesthetic preference for the excitement of the Sublime, but in his more mature 1790 *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, he demanded the serenity of the Beautiful.

Anti-utopianism of Aron's kind is the theme pursued vigorously and invigoratingly throughout Kimball's book. Its premise is expressed memorably by Anthony Trollope, who wrote in *Barchester Towers* (echoing Montaigne): "Till we can become divine we must be content to be human, lest in our hurry for change we sink to something lower." Kimball belongs to the noble tradition of conservative skepticism, the cast of mind of—among others—Montesquieu, Gibbon, Johnson, Hume, and Oakeshott, all of whom abhorred zealotry.

Kimball's discussion of philosophers is astonishingly well informed. I do not know what advanced degrees in philosophy he possesses, but he is certainly qualified not only to possess them but to award them. Hegel and Heidegger he considers willfully and often dangerously obscure—even, to some extent, charlatans. Bertrand Russell he considers rather sterile. In a sense, Russell himself agreed with that judgment: He regarded his highest achievement in philosophy

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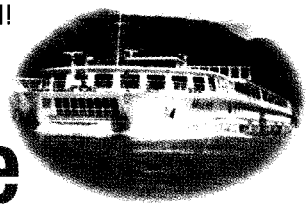

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Mon/May 5	Durnstein, Austria Vienna, Austria	9:30AM 5:30PM	12:300PM (overnight)	afternoon seminar
Tues/May 6	Vienna, Austria		7:30PM	late-night smoker
Wed, May 7	Esztergom, Hungary Budapest, Hungary	8:00AM 2:00PM	10:30AM (overnight)	late-morning seminar
Thurs/May 8	Budapest, Hungary		4:30PM	afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Fri/May 9	Bratislava, Slovakia	9:30AM	2:00PM	afternoon seminar late-night smoker
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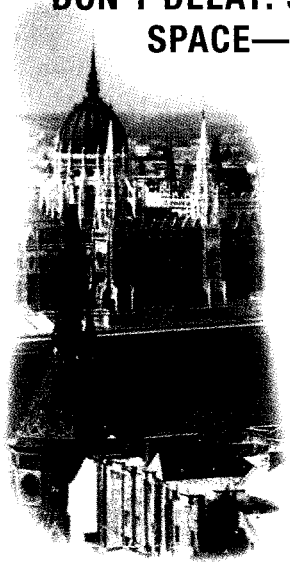

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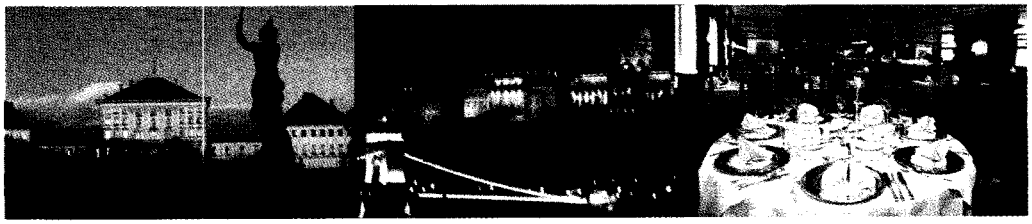

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to be the solution of an esoteric problem involving a logical paradox about class membership. About Russell's worldview his daughter Kate has the last word: "Reason, progress, unselfishness, a wide historical perspective, expansiveness, generosity, enlightened self-interest. I had heard it all my life and it filled me with despair." It was all too remote from lived experience. (For one moment, in 1914, spending a semester at Harvard, Russell swims into likableness, describing that undeniably great university as having "a soul-destroying atmosphere," and as a "ghastly" place full of "awful people." For what it is worth, I myself have known a great many Harvard people, and none ever struck me as happy or even contented.)

When Wittgenstein came to Cambridge, Russell remarked, "I saw God this afternoon. He's on the 5:15." Russell was certainly right to respect the man he called "my German," because Wittgenstein basically kicked him right out of philosophy forever. As Russell's student, he proved the superior logician and pushed Russell beyond the limits of his powerful mind. Thereafter Russell wrote only for a general readership.

Wittgenstein occupies a strategic position in Kimball's book, and indeed in the history of philosophy. Let me take one step back: I recently had occasion to look something up in Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, then started rereading from the first page. It was so exciting I could hardly put the book down. With debonair calm, Locke slices away entire slabs of what was then traditional philosophy. One by one the great questions become nonsense. Analogy goes out the window. Dialectical rationality follows it. A bright new empirical world comes into being before our eyes. It is *this* world, real, fresh, and gleaming: the world in which we see, hear, taste, smell, and touch, comprehended as if for the first time. Bliss it must have been . . . Talk about fresh starts; this is a dawn.

Now Wittgenstein was perhaps the very best of Locke's descendants, using the logical-empirical method of the Vienna School. In his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (1922) he came to its furthest edge of verifiable reality—and concluded both that there is more to it, and that The Method cannot reach it. With The Method we are only the fly in the bottle. As Carnap summarized the result, Wittgenstein urged his readers "to turn their eyes away from factual propositions to the things of true value—which cannot be stated but only shown." Locke had reached the glass wall of the bottle; Wittgenstein pointed beyond it.

Kimball rightly objects to the often impenetrable language of Hegel, Heidegger, and—one might add without permission—Voegelin. One sometimes feels like throwing their texts at the wall, and playing ping-pong instead. But such philosophers seem to me to be pushing out into Wittgenstein's "more," and—in the attempt—inventing language(s) to accommodate newly examined experience. Their quests are, inevitably, arduous; perhaps impossible. After all, Wittgenstein had said that the "more" is beyond language, and can only be "shown." By what? Symbols? Music? Liturgy? Prayer? Intuition? Analogy?

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Locke had reached the glass wall of the bottle; Wittgenstein pointed beyond it.

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Yet it is accurate to say that many have found the quest to talk about what is outside the glass bottle intellectually transfixing. Hegel's lectures on history at the University of Berlin, taken down as notes by his students, corrected by the master, and subsequently published, were experienced as mesmerizing. He thought history is driven by the Absolute toward freedom. Is it possible that he was correct in thinking the nation-state to be the concretization of freedom? Our latest supranational Parliament of Man—the United Nations—is unimpressive. When Hegel saw Napoleon riding through Jena at the head of his Grande Armée, he thought he saw the French Enlightenment being carried to Russia. Maybe he was right; Russia could have used a little Enlightenment, and that might have changed history.

Heidegger is in everyone's bad book and no doubt for the right reasons, but Heidegger was young once, in 1927 the author of *Being and Time*, which has been remarkably influential. His presence as a teacher thereafter was enormous. His student and lover Hannah Arendt has described the intellectual excitement her generation felt about him in sentences that catch the spirit of her university life:

> There was hardly more than a name, but the name travelled all over Germany like the rumor of the hidden king . . . The rumor about Heidegger put it quite simply. Thinking has come to life again; the cultural treasures of the past, believed to be dead, are being made to speak, in the course of which it turns out that they propose things altogether different from the familiar worn-out trivialities they had been presumed to say. There exists a teacher; one perhaps can learn to think.

Maybe Wittgenstein was right, we should not try to talk about the "more," lest we end up in the depths of the Schwarzwald. However, I have been reading Heidegger's riveting lectures on Parmenides, and their journey is back, back, and further back . . . perhaps to the very springs of Being in itself. I understand what Arendt was describing, felt by those German students. I am not surprised that despite Hitler, she never renounced him. This is quite a love story; though Heidegger cared little for her in his later years.

But, for all that, I do not disagree with anything Kimball says in this book. No, I disagree with one thing. In writing about David Stove, an Australian philosopher who chews up political correctness and spits it out, Kimball says PC is a Tocquevillian "tyranny of the majority." No: The majority is not so stupid. Surely political correctness is the tyranny of a determined liberal minority. But, what the hell, even Virgil introduced a minor imperfection into his poem.

Read this book. During World War I, Bernard Shaw was asked why he was not at the front fighting for Western civilization. Shaw replied, "I am Western civilization." For now, on a smaller scale, Roger Kimball could say the same. **NR**

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True and False Faces

ALEX ALEXIEV

The Two Faces of Islam: The House of Sa'ud from Tradition to Terror, by Stephen Schwartz (Doubleday, 288 pp., $25)

MORE than a year after the tragic events of 9/11, the debate about the causes of Islamic terrorism continues unabated. On one side of this debate, the blame-America-first crowd—consisting of the usual loony-Left suspects, along with assorted moral relativists and post-modernist progressives—sees American foreign policy and, more specifically, U.S. support for Israel as the root cause of the problem. They argue that being pro-Israel, coupled with the alleged legacy of Western exploitation of the Muslim masses and the "new imperialism" of globalization, explains the unfortunate, but understandable, violent reaction of the downtrodden against their American oppressors. Curiously, in propounding this theory the progressives find themselves in bed with some very non-progressive fellows, including Saudi princes and various other Arab potentates.

The other extreme is an increasingly vocal group that proclaims that terrorist violence is simply a Koran-sanctioned war against infidels, mandated by the reactionary nature of Islam itself. In this view, it is the intolerant, obscurantist, and warlike nature of Islam as a religion that is the problem. The only difference between moderate and radical Islam, opines journalist Oriana Fallaci, is the "length of their beards."

Neither of these theories can hold much water even under the most cursory of examinations. Proponents of the former, for instance, would find it hard to explain the fact that Islamic terrorist organizations like the Muslim Brotherhood and ideologues of extremism like Hassan al-Banna and Abul Ala Mawdudi plied their trade long before Israel and the Palestinian conflict existed, or the fact that the vast majority of the over 100,000 recent victims of Islamic terrorism have been fellow Muslims. Similarly, advocates of the Islam-is-evil-and-ignorant theory will have difficulty rationalizing away the documented religious tolerance of Islamic rulers in the past, as well as the achievements of Muslims in philosophy and the arts. It is a matter of historical record that in Muslim societies, both Jewish and Christian communities—their nominal second-class status notwithstanding—not only survived but prospered for centuries. The Ottoman Empire frequently offered sanctuary to religious groups persecuted in Christendom; its capital, Istanbul, remains the headquarters of Orthodox Christianity to this day. Most historians would agree that until the Reformation, Muslims were more tolerant than the Christian Church.

Between these extremes is the administration's position that we're at war not with Islam but with Islamic extremism. This is fine as far as it goes, but unfortunately, like the other two explanations, it throws little light on

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In Muslim societies, both Jewish and Christian communities not only survived but prospered for centuries.

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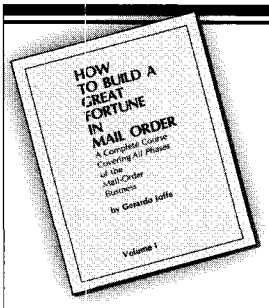
key questions: What drives the violent jihad movement ideologically? Who supports it and finances it? How was it able to organize itself into a fanatical worldwide terrorist network in just over a decade?

Into this analytical void steps author Stephen Schwartz with his timely new book, *The Two Faces of Islam*. It is based on the simple proposition that there

Mr. Alexiev is an international business and policy consultant. A former senior analyst at the RAND Corporation, he has written extensively on national-security issues.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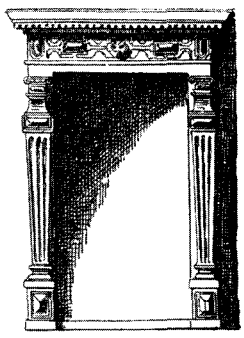
have always been two Islams, which have coexisted uneasily through the centuries. One is the mainstream, traditional Islam practiced by the vast majority of Muslims and characterized, for the most part, by moderation and tolerance toward other monotheistic religions; the other an extremist and fascist-like creed that has been preaching and often practicing violence in the name of religion. The author does an excellent job of tracing the coexistence of these two tendencies up to our times, and he does so with undisguised sympathy for Islam as a religion (which sympathy occasionally, as in the discussion of Sufism, veers into adulation).



The real relevance of this book concerning the subject of terrorism resides in its analysis of Wahhabism (a term the Saudis resent and never use themselves) and its influence as the present incarnation of the ugly face of Islam, about which, as Schwartz correctly notes, no history for a general audience had been written.

The author comes to his main argument early and forcefully. "The real source of our problem," he writes in the preface, "is the perversion of Islamic teachings by the fascistic Wahhabi cult that resides at the heart of the Saudi establishment." Schwartz documents this in his narrative; much of the evidence he presents is fairly well known—though seldom discussed in such detail—in the West. Schwartz considers Wahhabism a "death cult" that is "un-" and even anti-Islamic; he details a number of its "innovations" that stood many of Islam's tenets on their head. To name just one of the most flagrant falsifications of traditional teaching, Abd al-Wahhab, the founder of Wahhabism, ordained that Muslims who did not subscribe to his views were apostates and infidels and deserved to be put to death. This is quite an astounding innovation in a religion that preaches that one's faith should be taken at face value, and that the believer's sincerity is for God to determine on Judgment Day.

Armed with this doctrine and a nearly pathological hatred for Shias, Sufis, and other Muslims, never mind infidels, Wahhabism became early on a jihadist creed *par excellence*, and Saudi history is replete with violent campaigns designed to force other Muslims to submit politically and theologically. Moreover, Wahhabism remains to this day the prototype ideology of *all* Islamic extremists and terrorists, even those who hate the House of Saud. What they all have in common is a passionate hatred for America and Western civilization, and even for mainstream Islam. In late October a group of 56 high-ranking Wahhabi clerics accused America yet again of being the leader of a crusade against Islam, and urged Muslims to pray for the destruction of all infidels and Muslim hypocrites.

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Schwartz does an excellent job of tracing the coexistence of two tendencies in Islam.

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More relevant still is the wealth of material Schwartz presents on the worldwide effort by the House of Saud to spread Wahhabism in Muslim and non-Muslim countries alike. In the 1970s, Saudi Arabia—flush with petrodollars—embarked on an unprecedented multibillion-dollar campaign to infiltrate Muslim communities everywhere and impose Wahhabi extremism as the dominant idiom. As part of this campaign, Saudi government-sponsored front organizations and "charities" began actively supporting and financing virtually all extremist and openly terrorist Islamic organizations, a process that continues unabated to this day despite official protestations to the contrary.

As a result, Islamic extremism under Wahhabi auspices has established a significant foothold in Muslim communities from the Philippines to California, creating an atmosphere in which fanaticism and ultimately terrorism thrive. In the U.S., as Schwartz convincingly demonstrates, the Wahhabis may have scored their biggest success to date: Virtually all organizations claiming to represent American Muslims are controlled by the Saudis, as are most student associations, Islamic schools and centers, and perhaps half of all mosques. Worse still, at least two dozen Saudi-controlled charities have had to be raided or closed down by federal authorities for suspected terrorist ties. All of this conjures up the troublesome specter of a fifth column of homegrown fanatics, of a kind the U.S. has never before faced.

Like most works of its ambitious scope, this book is not without problems. Though it's well written as a whole, some chapters pack in so much diverse and, at times, disjointed information that they seem to lack focus. The author also occasionally falls into the Wahhabi-under-every-bed trap. It is a fact that many of the extremist Islamic movements—such as Gamaa Islamiyah in Egypt, the Armed Islamic Group in Algeria, and the Afghan Islamists—were supported by the Saudis, but they were not Wahhabi per se, as the author implies. There was no "Wahhabi colossus" during the Afghan resistance, and the Saudi-funded "Arab Afghans" were pretty much a joke during the war and only became a serious threat after Pakistan put the Taliban in business. The reason Pakistan and its intelligence service supported the fundamentalists in the resistance was that the fundamentalists were Islamic internationalists and not likely to raise the issue of Pushtun irredentism in the North-West Territories. This had little to do with Wahhabism, or—as Schwartz alleges—with the "colossal error" of Washington in failing to understand the conflict between Wahhabis and traditionalists. It may have been a mistake for the U.S. to put all of its eggs in the Pakistani basket, but there weren't many alternatives at the time.

Schwartz would have been on firmer ground regarding Afghanistan and Pakistan if he had spent time looking into the key role played by the Deobandi sect, the Tablighi Jamaat, and the Ahle Hadith. All three of these organizations are extremist and financially supported by the Saudis. Ahle Hadith is openly terrorist and Wahhabi, while the other two have contributed in

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a major way to the destabilization of Pakistan and are already active in America. (Tablighi "missionaries," for instance, recruited the Buffalo Six, as well as John Walker Lindh, to the terrorist cause.)

Schwartz's coverage of Wahhabi efforts in the Caucasus—a major Saudi focus in the 1990s—is also perfunctory and a bit disappointing. His statement about a "complete lack of Wahhabi interference" in the Chechen war from 1994 to 1996 is plain wrong. Wahhabi money, missionaries, and literature were all over the North Caucasus beginning in the early 1990s, and Saudi Wahhabis were officially appointed to Chechen sharia courts in 1996. The legacy of Wahhabi subversion of both the indigenous Sufi Islam and the Chechen struggle for independence lives on. The ringleader of the Moscow theater takeover, Movsar Barayev, was the nephew and heir apparent of the late Chechen warlord—and major exponent of Wahhabism—Arbi Barayev.

Closer to home, one wishes that the author had delved into the major inroads the Wahhabis have made among black Muslims, who constitute a third of all Muslims in the U.S. He discusses persistent Saudi efforts to convert black prisoners, but says nothing about the Wahhabi ideological penetration of both Deen Muhammad's Muslim American Society and Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam, nor about these groups' growing financial dependence on the Wahhabis. It would also have been of interest if Schwartz had discussed the de facto alliance between the Saudi-controlled Muslim establishment and the loony Left: It is a delicious sight indeed to see the frontmen of Riyadh's corrupt billionaire gerontocracy side by side with the likes of the Revolutionary Communist Party USA and assorted Maoists and Trotskyites, all united in manning the barricades for Saddam Hussein.

These and other blemishes notwithstanding, Schwartz's new book is a major and welcome contribution on a topic that will only become more relevant. It is must reading for anybody who wants to know what exactly we are facing in the war on terror. **NR**

Defending the West

JOHN FONTE

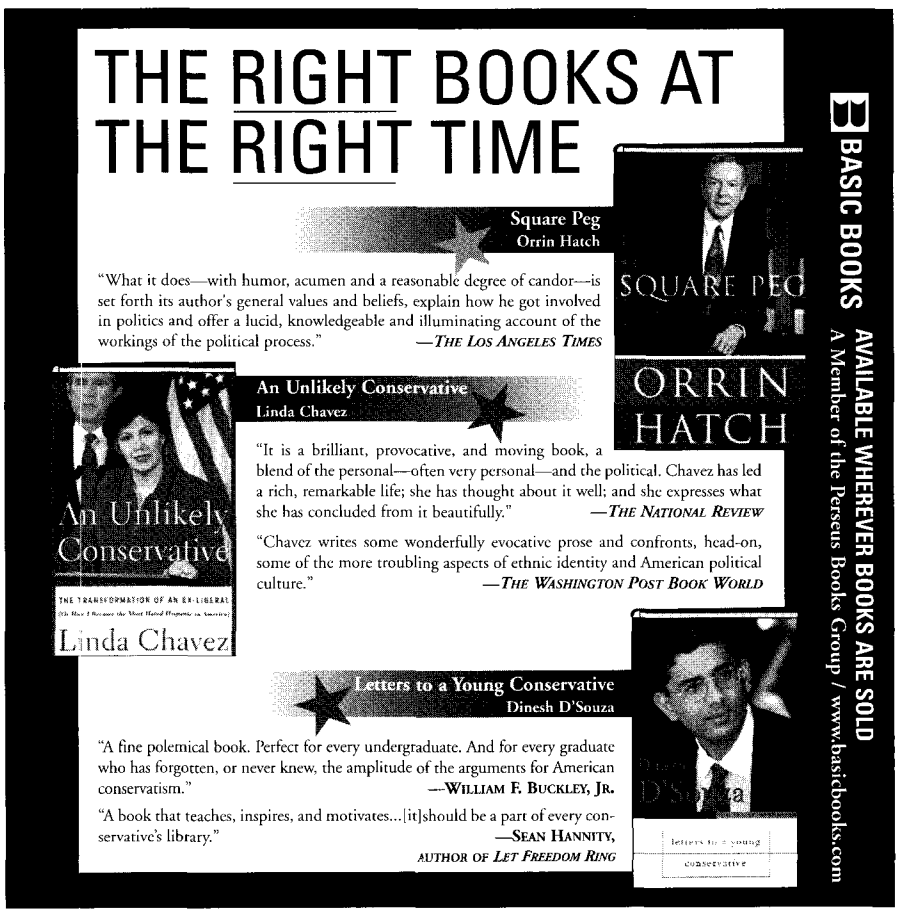
The West and The Rest: Globalization and the Terrorist Threat, by Roger Scruton (ISI, 200 pp., $19.95)

WILL the nation-state, one of the premier achievements of modern Western civilization, survive? This is the question Roger Scruton poses in his penetrating, stimulating, sometimes misguided, but always insightful new book. Scruton, one of Britain's most thought-provoking Tory intellectuals, presents a Burkean conservative analysis of the problems of the clash of civilizations, Islamic terror, and the ill health of the Western nation-state.

Scruton begins by describing the deep and enduring cultural differences between Western and Islamic civilizations. First and foremost, the tension that has always existed in the West between religious and secular authority has no parallel in Islam. Thus the Christian Biblical admonition, "Render . . . unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's" contrasts "radically," says Scruton, with the Koranic vision, in which "nothing is owed to Caesar." The Greek city-state, Roman law, Augustine's concept of the duty of civil obedience for the clergy, and the medieval distinction between the *regnum* (kingship) and the *sacerdotium* (priesthood)—the "uneasy coexistence of Emperor and Pope on the 'universal' thrones of medieval Europe"—are all cited by Scruton as examples of secular–religious divisions that existed in the West long before the Reformation and the Enlightenment, but have been absent in the Moslem world.

Scruton draws a major distinction

Mr. Fonte is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute.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between religious and political forms of social order. Since the time of Plato and Aristotle, political authority has been central to Western civilization. For Scruton, the "political" means human decision-making, secular law, participation in a political process, citizenship, and ultimately loyalty to one's territorial regime. By contrast, the "religious" means unquestioning obedience to God's law, in which one acts as a subject instead of a citizen. Scruton explains, however, that he does not mean to say that prayers should be excluded from American public schools, if the nation's citizens favor their inclusion; nor does he mean that America is not a religious nation, or that "religion has no part to play in establishing the legitimacy of American institutions." He means, instead, that "all the many religions of America are bound to acknowledge the authority of territorial law"—in other words, to render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's.

Scruton argues that it is the political process (participation, law-making, discussion) that makes it possible to separate society from the state. Thus, in totalitarian regimes—where there is no political process—everything is of interest to the state. For Scruton, these totalitarian dictatorships are not "political," but anti-political. In this sense, the French revolutionary regime was not "political" either: Scruton insists that the French Revolution, with its "fanaticism and exterminatory zeal," should be understood as "primarily a religious phenomenon." Likewise, Marxism and feminism may claim to be political movements, but they are, in fact, movements "against politics" because they have the "ambitions of a monotheistic faith," providing answers to all great moral and social questions.

The greatest example of the "political" is the Western nation-state, which emerged in the modern era and established secular authority over a particular territory. Scruton explains that some form of "membership" is necessary to any community or society. Before the nation-state, membership (and thus loyalty) was often creedal (based on religion) or tribal (based on tribe, kinship, etc.), but in the early modern West it became territorial and national. Prior to the formation of a territory-based regime, the people living together in a particular area began to develop—through long social interaction, language, and custom—what he calls a "pre-political" or "pre-contractual" (meaning pre–social-contract) loyalty. They began to think of themselves as "we," as "members" of a "people," in visceral terms. Thus, the "nation" precedes the "state" in the formation of the nation-state. Scruton cites the American example, in which the words "We the People" (the nation) signify a "pre-contractual" (i.e., pre-constitutional) "we" who created the republic.

Crucial to the nation-state is the concept of the citizen, who is loyal to the territorially defined political community. Ultimately, the idea of citizenship "depends on the nation defined as a self-renewing organism clothed in the mantle of a law-governed state." Scruton, following Burke, tells us that the nation consists of more than the sum of its living citizens. It is a "partnership" that includes present citizens, past generations (the ancestral "we"), and those yet to be born. One's nation-state should not be viewed as a "temporary arrangement" (pace Strobe Talbott), but as a permanent entity. Otherwise patriotic sacrifice makes little sense.

Scruton criticizes the ideal of world citizenship—the dream of liberal thinkers "ever since Kant"—on the grounds that an attempt "to replace national loyalty with some internationalist ideal threatens the historical balance of power and local forms of equilibrium that depend on it." On this issue, Scruton's views would be more satisfying if they depended on a moral rather than a utilitarian argument. Instead of worrying about the "balance of power," Scruton could have said something like the following: Only national citizenship in a liberal-democratic nation-state affirms government by consent of the governed, and therefore it is the only ideal consistent with real and responsible self-government by a free people.

According to Scruton, the major problem in the West today is that the concept of citizenship is being replaced by a "culture of repudiation" that essentially rejects our Western cultural inheritance—including the belief in reason and objective truth, the intrinsic value of the family, and historic national loyalties. He writes that a "single theme runs through the humanities" in American and European universities: "the illegitimacy of Western civilization." Through coercive measures such as speech codes and "anti-racism" training, this "culture of repudiation" seeks to root out old loyalties.

There is no doubt that influential sectors among Western elites are promoting this "culture of repudiation." The crucial question is: Are we faced here with an essentially negative postmodernist impulse, or with a serious political project that seeks to transform the democratic nation-state? On this point, Scruton is ambiguous. On the one hand, he tells us that the "assault on the old cultural inheritance" leads only to "alienation," not "new forms of membership." On the other hand, he states that by repudiating old memberships, "we briefly enjoy a new form of membership as comrades-in-arms against the past." Again, he describes this attitude as a "covert appeal to the religious rather than the political experience of society."

I would argue that the West

The Hospital; Watching People Die

At first, I expected them to go in anger,
Or fear and trembling maybe, or raving with fever.
But there is no desperate calling on God or the devil
To fetch them one more time from out of trouble,
Nor do they seem to be thinking of the Hell or Heaven
Our elders warned us of when we were children.
Their hands are quiet and are not reaching at air
For something to hold onto, someone dear.
No, in fact, they seem not at all worried,
Only disappointed, and very, very tired.

—MICHAEL CREAGAN

Dr. Creagan is an emergency-ward physician.

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is faced not simply with the posturing of postmodernists, but with a serious transnational "progressive" project. This elite project seeks first to deconstruct, then reconstruct (and thus transform) the traditional liberal-democratic nation-state. Scruton clearly recognizes the threat from this project, but appears ambivalent about whether it will attract serious new forms of "membership." I would suggest that the project already has attracted committed adherents among "progressive" political parties, transnational non-governmental organizations (NGOs), academic elites, European and United Nations bureaucracies, international law professors, and the like.

By the end of this slight tome, Scruton has provided us with a tightly argued, penetrating, and ultimately pessimistic essay. As a traditional small-"c" conservative, he is suspicious of unbridled capitalism and the tyrannical potential of unlimited democracy: No Reagan- (or Thatcher-) style conservative optimism or dynamism for this High Tory. His thinking is usually perceptive and highly intelligent, but also, at times, gloomy and static. Scruton pictures globalization as mostly a negative phenomenon. The spread of Western prosperity has also meant the spread of Western decadence, which in turn has led to a global Islamist backlash made possible by Western technology.

As a result, some of his prescriptions are overly defensive. He is worried, for example, that WTO regulations favoring genetically modified agriculture will "ruin local food economies" and therefore recommends a "reexamination" of support for free trade. His position ignores the argument that genetically modified food (a life-saving product of Western science) could become the Third World's greatest weapon against hunger. Likewise, Scruton asks us to reexamine "our devotion to prosperity and the habits of consumption" that have made us dependent on non-Western sources of raw materials, particularly oil.

Nevertheless, on the crucial issues of national loyalty, national cohesion, and the absolute necessity of rallying to the defense of the Western democratic nation-state, Scruton is clear-headed and dead right. He tells us that the "Koranic vision of society" is "alien" to "any idea of . . . national loyalty"; that the EU is a new form of unaccountable "imperial government"; and that "Western civilization depends upon an idea of citizenship that is not global . . . but rooted in national loyalty." And when he tells us to dump multicultural education and assimilate immigrants into our national culture, he is right again. On issues of assimilation, immigration, sovereignty, and loyalty this quirky Tory makes more sense than many of the Pollyanna-ish commentators on the American libertarian right, who might be accused of—in George Will's phrase—preferring commerce to country.

In sum, American conservatives should not be put off by our British cousin's un-Reaganesque rhetoric and old-fashioned Tory eccentricities. Despite its faults, this book-length essay is a thoroughly engaging major contribution to the intellectual defense of one of Western civilization's greatest creations, the liberal-democratic nation-state. **NR**

Keepers Without Peace

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

Peacekeeping Fiascoes of the 1990s: Causes, Solutions, and U.S. Interests, by Frederick H. Fleitz Jr. (Praeger, 248 pp., $39.95)

WITH his good intentions and his blue helmet, the U.N. peacekeeper was an icon of post–World War II internationalism. He was G.I. Joe for the Eleanor Roosevelt set, muscular assurance that the days of the feeble League of Nations would never return. And for a

Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.

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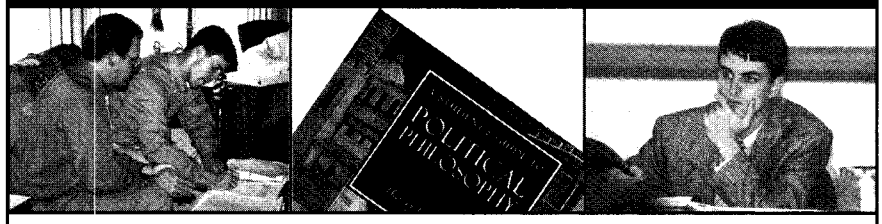

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while it seemed to work. The record was far from perfect, but from Cyprus to West New Guinea to Namibia, the presence of relatively small numbers of U.N. troops was sufficient to separate warring forces and supervise the return to peace. The key to their success was evenhandedness and the consent of those whom they had come to police.

In the wake of the Gulf War and the breakup of the Soviet Union, this comparatively restrained approach to peacekeeping underwent a transmutation. The shambles that ensued is neatly summarized in this book's delightfully blunt title. The author, Frederick Fleitz Jr., knows his material well: He is a former CIA analyst who covered the U.N. and its peacekeeping efforts during parts of the Reagan, George H. W. Bush, and Clinton administrations. Today, he is special assistant to the under secretary of state for arms control and international security, though readers are warned that his opinions "do not necessarily represent the views of the Department of State, the Central Intelligence Agency, or the U.S. government." But what Fleitz has to say makes a great deal of sense, so we must hope that this warning is not to be taken literally.

The real starting point for this book is the Soviet collapse, which made it possible for the West to intervene more aggressively in some of the world's most dangerous trouble spots. Fleitz's central thesis is that U.S. policymakers threw this opportunity away: Instead of building on the Cold War victory with a foreign policy that combined the judicious use of force with enlightened national interest, the government decided to expand the United Nations' global role in peacekeeping. The Clinton administration's poorly thought-out liberal-internationalist agenda combined sanctimony, parsimony, and ineffectiveness in roughly equal measure. The consequences were bad for the U.N., in that they made a mockery of belief in that organization's potential usefulness, and often disastrous for the U.S. There is a good reason that this book is dedicated to the U.S. Army Rangers and aircrew killed in Somalia in the terrible events of October 1993.

The rot began in the immediate aftermath of the Gulf War. As Fleitz explains, supporters of a more activist U.N. "seized on the fact that Operation Desert Storm was authorized by the U.N. Security Council" as proof that a new era had arrived. The U.N.'s role in approving the Gulf War was said by many liberals to herald "an end to the unilateral use of military force, at least by the United States." But as Fleitz correctly observes, "these claims . . . ignored the reality that the first Bush administration used the U.N. endorsement . . . largely as a fig leaf to protect the sensitivities of America's Middle East allies."

These claims may have ignored reality, but they helped create a climate in which U.N. peacekeeping could be transformed. The scope of peacekeeping operations became more ambitious and the traditional requirements of consent and impartiality were abandoned. U.N. forces could now be empowered to impose "peace" on warring parties and, if necessary, take sides in a conflict. Fleitz argues that this more aggressive definition of peacekeeping (and the expansion of the U.N.'s role it implied) fitted in well with a liberal foreign-policy agenda in Washington. "It represented a way to implement . . . dreams of Wilsonian internationalism while drastically cutting defense spending." Beyond that, it is not necessary to hear the whirring of black helicopters to recall, as Fleitz does, that this was also a time when some foreign-policy gurus who were to be influential in the Clinton administration were "talking about how the new world order meant the lowering of national boundaries . . . and the beginning of a slow movement toward world government." It's also worth noting (although Fleitz never does so explicitly) that arguments for a more activist United Nations were always likely to find favor in a Clinton White House instinctively suspicious of the U.S. military and its use as an instrument of American power.

Much of the rest of the book is devoted to an examination of how these expanded notions of peacekeeping have worked or, far too frequently, failed to work. With topics that include Rwanda, Cambodia, Liberia, and Bosnia, this makes for grim but never sensationalist reading: Despite its title, this book is not an exercise in simple U.N.-bashing, satisfying though that would doubtless be. Fleitz is, quite justifiably, highly critical of the U.N., but he is also quick to acknowledge the way the organization has all too often been used as a scapegoat for feckless Western policymaking. And just as the book's narrative is not sensationalist, neither is its style: The text is often highly detailed (this book will be found on the bookshelves of our more sensible universities for years to come) and brutally burdened down by the fact that U.N. military operations are rich in acronyms if not in achievements.

Above all, Fleitz stresses that these fiascoes were nothing if not predictable. With the precondition of consent abandoned, U.N. peacekeepers ran the risk of being seen as an occupying or hostile force, even when the motives for their mission were primarily humanitarian. The umpires had become players. Despite that, the troops sent in to do the dirty work were often as under-equipped as their objectives were ill-defined. In the course of this book, the author offers up various reasons as to why this was, but touches only briefly on one of the most likely explanations: the fact that the U.N. has been used by Western elites to pursue an internationalist agenda that ordinarily would not secure domestic political approval in their home countries. Using the United Nations to this end is a clever trick, but it ensures that peacekeeping missions will almost always be shortchanged when it comes to resources; proper funding would require politicians to admit the full scope of these operations to their electorates. And voters are rarely enthused by the idea of endangering their soldiers in the name of the United Nations.

This absence of democratic accountability—and the level of blame it should bear for foreign-policy disasters—would make an ideal topic for Fleitz's next book. In the meantime, Fleitz offers some highly practical advice: Continue to use U.N. peacekeepers, but only along the lines of the traditional, limited model that used to work so well. Combine a return to that more modest approach with the adoption by Washington of a realistic foreign policy in which *bien-pensant* internationalism is discarded, American interests are put first, and the isolationist temptation is avoided, and the results could be impressive.

It won't be easy, but an intelligent foreign policy never is. **NR**

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■ MUSIC ■

Charisma and Other Facts

JAY NORDLINGER

THE young Russian violinist **Maxim Vengerov** is undertaking an unusual concert tour. When he shows up, he brings only his violin. There's no piano, no accompanist. Vengerov *does* have a stool and a microphone. He likes to banter with his audience between "sets," if you will, introducing pieces and telling jokes. He's half concert artist, half Yakov Smirnov (the "What a country!" comedian).

Over these concerts hangs the spirit of Eugène Ysaÿe. Who he? Every violinist would know the answer to that question. Ysaÿe was a Belgian violin master who lived from 1858 to 1931. Like most big musicians of his day, he was a composer as well as a performer, and he gave himself—along with his friends—many interesting things to play.

Vengerov is playing them. Ysaÿe wrote six sonatas—unaccompanied—for six different colleagues, including Jacques Thibaud, Fritz Kreisler, and Josef Szigeti. Each expresses something particular about its dedicatee, and each is, in its way, a loving tribute to violin playing itself. The Sonata No. 2, for example, quotes from Bach's famous E-major partita.

In addition to these sonatas—or at least a handful of them—Vengerov plays a new transcription, by Bruce Fox-Lefriche, of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, one of the most transcribed pieces of music in existence. (Remember Stokowski's version for symphony orchestra?) He also plays a sonata—again, unaccompanied—by Rodion Shchedrin, a Russian composer born in 1932. Shchedrin wrote this piece in 1984, to commemorate Bach's 300th anniversary the next year. The sonata draws from Bach (as what doesn't—or shouldn't?). Vengerov learned and memorized the piece at age ten, to play for the composer. Shchedrin was no doubt pleased.

This 28-year-old has by now established himself as a great, free-spirited violinist, continuing the tradition of Ysaÿe and his friends (not to mention that devilish Italian, Paganini). He has loads of technique, of course, but that's almost beside the point, in the face of musicianship so keen. He is one of those who are simply born to play the violin. Ysaÿe once said of Szigeti, "I found in him that rare combination of the musician and the virtuoso." The same is true of Vengerov.

Moreover, he's an embodiment of that elusive and prized quality, musical charisma. It radiates from him, in whatever he attempts. And his love of performing is obvious. During a recent outing in Carnegie Hall, he confessed that, when he made his debut—age five—they practically had to drag him from the stage, so much did he enjoy it. He enjoys it no less now. And the pleasure he takes in it is not egotistical, but more like grateful.

■

The 28-year-old Vengerov has established himself as a great, free-spirited violinist.

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The unaccompanied music found on these recital programs is now available on an EMI compact disc. During that same evening at Carnegie Hall, Vengerov said, "I'm afraid we've lost a sense of improvisation and spontaneity. And we don't have very much time for composing these days. I myself would like to make time to compose." Terrific. He should get busy.

■ **Murray Perahia**'s career has gone in two phases: Perahia I and Perahia II. Perahia I is a pianist many of us remember with great fondness and longing. He was a "poet of the piano," a graceful, refined player in the mold of Myra Hess and Dinu Lipatti. But at some point he decided he wanted to be a "lion of the keyboard," a "thundering virtuoso." Perhaps it was his friendship with Vladimir Horowitz—late in the old wizard's life—that did it.

In any event, Perahia started to behave in most un-Perahia-like ways. He began to bang, to pound, and to emote. At a recital in New York a couple of seasons ago—Carnegie Hall again—a critic friend of mine said he planned to leave at intermission, to catch part of another concert across town. As the second half was about to begin, I found him still in his seat. "Change your mind?" I asked. He answered, "I have to see whether Murray Perahia is still a good pianist." The concern was that deep.

Even in his second phase, however, Perahia can still impress. His latest album is the complete Chopin Etudes (on Sony). Here the "lion"—the keyboard burner—can go to work: These aren't gentle mazurkas. And Perahia II is in full evidence. In days gone by, the opening, C-major étude of Op. 10 would have been limpid and rippling—now Perahia simply rips through it, though excitingly (I admit). He plays less straightforwardly than before: For example, in the simple, songlike E-major étude, Op. 10, No. 3, he indulges in a lot of "rubato"—a lot of personal license—stretching the "song" out, and coming close to distorting it. In Op. 25, the "Aeolian Harp" étude is rather less angelic than it would have been in the past. But the New Perahia has to be given his due: The C-minor étude, Op. 25, No. 12, is astoundingly majestic—thrilling—as much like a Rachmaninoff étude-tableau as like a Chopin piece.

One thing we see in this recording is that the complete Chopin Etudes can be listened to in one fell swoop. These are

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studies, to be sure—in which a pianist works on arpeggios, thirds, sixths, and so on—but they have unquestionable musical value, and no little variety. Murray Perahia does well by them. He can still play, needless to say. Or is it?

■ A short while ago, the English conductor **Simon Rattle**—Sir Simon Rattle—took over one of the most prestigious podiums in the world, that of the Berlin Philharmonic. How's he doing? It's hard to tell, without being in the concert hall there, week in and week out, but we do have some recordings. The latest is of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, recorded live in September (the boys at EMI work fast).

I have observed before that Mahler is the new Beethoven, in that any conductor wishing to make a mark seeks to do so in one of the Mahler nine, rather than the Beethoven nine. For the last many years, the concert halls have been overrun with Mahler, who not terribly long ago was a bit of a rarity.

Sir Simon handles him well, and the Berlin players, of course, are superb, not least for their sound, in which one can't help reveling. In the first movement of the Fifth, Rattle chooses a somewhat relaxed pace, but it is defensible, and the orchestra is kaleidoscopic. The beloved, elegiac Adagietto also feels slowish, and it is extremely rich. It's perhaps a little too self-conscious, not "flowing" enough. But it is incisive and powerful, cutting to the bone. The final movement is a kick, as it should be, having a drive, but also a certain Mahlerian easiness. Each part comes through with exceptional clarity.

The catalogue is groaning with great, or near great, Mahler Fifths (think Rafael Kubelik), and the Rattle is a proud addition. I have complained before that Sir Simon is overhyped—that he is an excellent conductor hailed as great in an age poor for conductors. But what is wrong with an excellent conductor? Besides which, at 47, he's just a kid, for the field.

■ Bump into a contemporary composer, and you'll probably bump into a bitter complainer. To be a modern composer is to have a chip on one's shoulder: "No one cares about me; no one listens to me; I am despised and abused." In a recent interview with me, Ned Rorem reflected that we're "the only age in history that stresses music of the past at the expense of music of the present." (And he, of course, is talking about "classical" music, not pop.)

In a way, you can blame the composers themselves (although not Rorem, who has always been mindful of the audience): For decades, they were fairly contemptuous of the public, composing for themselves and for one another, in a kind of clique. Milton Babbitt wrote a famous (or infamous) essay entitled "Who Cares If You Listen?" Well, "you" didn't, and to a large degree don't. If the public cold-shoulders the contemporary composer, this is, one might say—as a fellow critic once expressed it to me—"payback."

■

To be a modern composer is to have a chip on one's shoulder: 'No one listens to me; I am despised and abused.'

■

From Deutsche Grammophon comes a big new series of contemporary music, or rather a renewal of an older series. That series was called *20/21* (indicating the turn of the centuries), and the new line is called *20/21 echo*. As a little bonus, or incentive, the company is handing out—in the bigger stores—a compilation CD dubbed ***Music of Our Time***. This disc provides a neat summation of the new line's offerings: three- or four-minute excerpts, allowing the listener to stick a toe in, if he doesn't want to dive all the way. Of course, he may want to dive later.

The gang's all here, or a lot of it. Not everyone is living, Olivier Messiaen, for example, having died in 1992. Other composers—even the still-active ones—can hardly be thought of as "new": Elliott Carter, for instance, was born in the Roosevelt administration—the Theodore Roosevelt administration. But this is an attractive sampling, letting you know what the musical world has been up to for the last half-century or so.

We get Giya Kancheli's *Styx*, which is haunting, and, well . . . underworldly. Then there's Arvo Pärt, one of the "holy minimalists," in a snatch from his much-admired *Tabula rasa*. Steve Reich is represented in his psychedelic, groovy *Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices, and Organ*: Lie back and "see the colors," as they used to say in drug-dominant days. Philip Glass, another minimalist (though not holy), is the King of Repetition, as we hear in his violin concerto, which, in that tradition, works a motive over and over. We're even afforded a dose of André Previn, from his opera *A Streetcar Named Desire*, with Renée Fleming as Blanche DuBois.

This compilation ends with a standard piece by Pierre Boulez, one of the giants of contemporary music and a "serialist" (which is to say, a practitioner of musical serialism). That piece is *Répons*, which is, naturally, extremely clever, but which is, for many of us—though we may not dare say so—barely listenable. Long ago, Ned Rorem nicknamed these composers the "serial killers."

And who cares if you listen? These days, they pretty much care, a lot—just meet one.

■ One of the great delights in life is **Chanticleer**, the San Francisco-based, all-male *a cappella* singing group. They're not dissimilar to England's King's Singers, though twice the size (twelve versus six). Recently, Chanticleer concluded a tour called "Our American Journey," featuring—you guessed it—American music, from many eras and in various modes. These pieces are available on a new disc from Teldec: by coincidence, the group's 25th recording in its 25th-anniversary year.

They sing transcriptions of old hymns, contemporary music expressly written for them, and arrangements of popular songs (such as Gershwin's "Love Walked In"). They're somewhat New Agey, and they have a weakness for PC. For example, "The Un-Covered Wagon" by the "Native American" composer Brent Michael Davids is a ridiculous piece of hate-whitey agitprop. But their essential musicianship makes up for any such irritation.

'Tis the season, isn't it? Therefore, let me mention an album from last year, *Christmas with Chanticleer* (also on Teldec). This is a delicious collection, highlighted (for me) by a joyous, exultant "Jerusalem in the Morning!" Once you've heard it, you'll wear the grooves off—or whatever the modern equivalent is. **NR**

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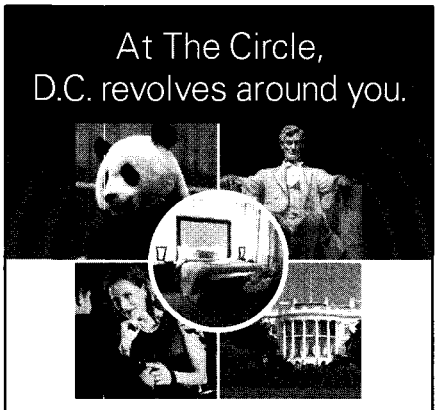

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Afloat in Paradoxes

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19

TWO days at sea, with only CNN and the ship's company to keep us abreast of the news. But the company is lively, and paradoxes are always with us.

On Monday two airline events were highlighted. One of them told of the Arab Israeli hijacker who attempted to take on an El Al flight. That brought instant commentary. Officials wondered at the spectacular audacity of the enterprise. Never mind that, confronted by alert air marshals, the hijacker was quickly relieved of his knife and immobilized, allowing the airship to land safely in Istanbul.

What left the commentators agog was the near-unique presumption of it all. We were quickly reminded that El Al has the most thorough security apparatus in the airline world, that as many as two and even three hours are spent with individual passengers exploring any possibility that their intentions are malign. I was once some years ago at the Tel Aviv airport and asked by the tight-lipped security lady, what had been the purpose of my visit in Israel? I confess to have been pleased that the question was asked because it permitted me to engage in arrant name-dropping. Well, I said, I was here to interview Mrs. Golda Meir.

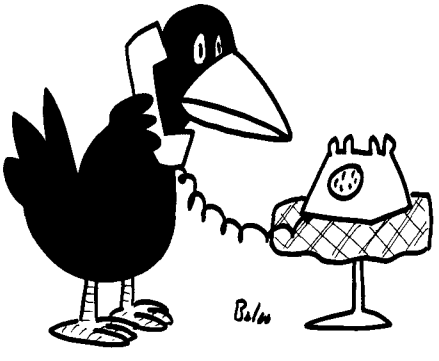
That was on the order of replying to the question, Who are you?, with the word, Napoleon. It was a long hour before the lady established that indeed I had been at the office of the prime minister (à propos a *Firing Line* program). Why anyone bent on terrorism would add to the risk of such an enterprise the supplementary burden of defying El Al security dumbfounded the TV reporters, who even tracked down the specialist who had designed El Al security. *How could this happen?* His answer was that it should not have happened.

The paradox was that minutes later, the cameras turned to Hans Blix, the U.N. specialist finally returning to Iraq, after four years, to resume the search for hidden weapons of mass destruction. *His* bags were being searched at the airport. Only the Latin adage provides relief: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who is supposed to look after the people who are looking after us? We are engaged in sending to the Middle East the one man whose researches there are supposed to decide whether the United States will go on to war. But before allowing him to poke around Iraq looking for nuclear materials, we need to poke about in his bags, to make sure he is not taking some nuclear materials with him.

That was the little paradoxical breather of the day. A weightier one was expressed by Professor Milton Friedman, who gave a public talk in which the question was explored: Are freedoms indivisible? We like to think that this is so, which is why we have been hanging on, breathless, looking at China, which grants economic freedoms on larger and larger scales, but has just brought to power, to succeed longstanding traditional Communist tyrants, a fresh face: the man who, in 1989, imposed martial law on Tibet and who was the first Chinese regional party secretary to send a congratulatory telegram to the central government after the Tiananmen Square massacre.

Mr. Friedman made the sobering point that far from assuming that economic freedoms will automatically bring civil freedoms, we need to remind ourselves that civil freedoms are sometimes exercised to deny economic freedoms—as in Great Britain after the war. Where there is progressive taxation, let alone predatory taxes, however authorized by due democratic process, economic freedom diminishes. That being the basic freedom (people decide how to spend their money more often than when to write their congressman), it is often menaced by the exercise of civil freedoms.

We Americans, and a few others, are blessed with both freedoms, but have to live with the paradox, that the exercise of one freedom is sometimes done at the expense of the other.



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Osama Lives

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22

SOME weeks ago, President Bush was asked if he knew whether Osama bin Laden was dead. He answered that if he was dead, so much for that problem, if he was not, the hiatus would not be for very long.

Mr. Bush then moved on to speak of other aspects of the al-Qaeda war than whether its architect was still alive. There is the public impression that he is obsessive on the question of whether bin Laden is alive, but the records do not substantiate this. He has mentioned bin Laden's name only a couple of times in the days since 9/11. The inclination back then for a few weeks was to think of Osama as a kind of anthropomorphic executive of the evil that terrorism had struck us with.

But it wasn't long before we learned that Osamaism was sharply different from Hitlerism, which would indeed die with a single decapitation. Chief Prosecutor Robert Jackson had one egregious moment at the great Nuremberg trial when he suggested that defendant Hermann Goering was planning, if he escaped the gallows, to return to public life to revive Hitlerism. Everybody squirmed, including the other defendants. They knew that Hitlerism was dead, felled by a suicide's bullet in the Berlin bunker.

In the immediate aftermath of the Twin Towers assault, a few observers noted that any sense that the war against the terrorists would be consummated with the capture and death of Osama bin Laden was misleading. Some of us expressed the hope that Osama would not be caught and disposed of, precisely because too many might then be persuaded that the threat he represented, brought on by 9/11, would then have passed.

Everybody knows that killing Osama would be no more effective in what we

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are up against now than killing the original Canadian carrier in the early '80s would have been against the problem of AIDS in the United States.

But this doesn't add up to an assumption that it is unimportant that Osama is alive. It has been established that indeed he is, or at least that he was alive only a couple of weeks ago, when he voiced views and cited data that clearly established that he was. If someone discusses the Dow Jones of yesterday, we know that he was alive to do so.

Osama alive means an enormous invigoration of the myth of Osama as the great leader of a great movement. Not quite the equivalent of Christ arising from the dead, but hugely advancing the mythogenic figure. Do you see what is proved? the cultists are saying in the Wahhabist circles of the true believers. They cannot destroy him. He is immune to mere Western movements intended to do so. He has survived 100 (allow for the exaggerations) U.S. Army divisions, bombings and artillery and helicopters and intelligence agents. He lives!

There are tens of thousands of enthusiasts, unfortunately, throughout the world, who are cheering Osama bin Laden's reappearance on audio tape. He renews his own legend. Formal Muslim procedures have been cited to the effect that if one is truly dead, the fact of death is not to be concealed. Osama appears to have lived by that stricture. If he had been killed, his death would have been acknowledged by his own supporters.

He wasn't killed. Could it be that this is so because he is—a creature of God? Doing God's work?

The continuing challenge of the West is to mobilize respectable Muslim preachments and to disavow Osama's work, never mind whether he is physically alive. Adolf Eichmann eluded justice by fleeing to Argentina and attempting to hide himself. Finally, the Israelis caught up with him, and brought him home to the hangman. Nobody feared that for so long as Eichmann lived, the justification of the Holocaust lived with him. Osama bin Laden needs to be pursued precisely because any myth to the effect that he is immortal needs to be destroyed. Meanwhile, his movement also needs to be coped with and destroyed. That will take a lot longer than however many more months or years go by during which the begetter of al-Qaeda continues to live.

Inspectionitis

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26

PERHAPS as early as Wednesday we will have a report of some sort from the inspection team in Iraq. There are 17 inspectors on the ground, and a spokesman said on Monday that the team was specifically entitled to go wherever they chose. You would not expect the head coach of a football team—he added—to reveal where he was headed. But it is not denied that chief inspector Hans Blix has in hand the locations of pre-eminently suspicious sites.

What do these look like? Are they sites that have radiated especially noticeable tracks? An intensity of emanations of some kind? Picked up by sensors in our airplanes, or by devices bouncing up and down via satellites?

The layman doesn't know, but laymen are apprehensive on several grounds. What if there is nothing there? That would be worrying in an ironic way. Like discovering that the arsonist you have finally surrounded has no matches in his pocket.

But in this matter, Mr. Bush has not adequately communicated. The administration has spoken as if it were a certitude that the weapons of mass destruction are either there, or inchoately there. Enough emphasis has been placed on this assumption to have made it an apparently indispensable part of the strategic reckoning. That part of America that has opposed the ultimatums we have given would be disappointed, not to say dumbfounded, if we actually came upon a mini nuclear bomb halfway completed, or a tank full of poison gas, or chemical weapons of mass destruction.

The first official deadline for the U.N. inspection team is not until December 8. This will be a critical date for inconsequential reasons. That is when Saddam Hussein is supposed to turn everything over to us, but this runs into the interesting problem that he insists there is nothing to turn over. We are supposed to have, by December 8, a complete list of Iraqi weapons sites and dual-use installations, industrial plants, agricultural sites, medical labs, and research centers, that could have both civilian and military applications. How many of such sites are there in Iraq? Certainly hundreds, possibly thousands.

On or before January 27, the inspection team will report a) that they have got the incriminating goods; b) that they do not have them and can't find them; c) that if they exist, they are so well hidden as to be inaccessible.

The administration has persuaded Congress and the American people that there is only one alternative then left to us, which is to invade Iraq and immobilize the regime.

Some skeptics are saying that there weren't ever any such materials. But it wasn't a candy factory that the Israelis took out in 1981. And there are thousands of Kurdish survivors who saw happen the gas warfare of 1988. The strategic question has to do with whether the same man who set out to build a nuclear plant, and proceeded with genocidal measures against the Kurds, is safely permitted to stay in power.

The cry against our venture in Iraq calls out against American imperialism. It is here and there asserted that what we really intend to do is install ourselves critically in the Mideast and in pressure points elsewhere in the style of orthodox imperialists.

Granted, if, in order to replace Saddam Hussein, a military invasion is required, one can't reasonably expect that there would be no U.S. soldiers in Baghdad five years from now. Everyone wishes, retrospectively, that there had been military there beginning in 1991.

But the accusation has to do with American designs. Do we feel the same compulsion the Romans felt, and the Mongols, and the British, French, and Germans, to install ourselves abroad?

Some critics have pointed out that, after all, we still have troops in Japan and in Germany, a half-century and more since winning WWII. But what is notable in our armored divisions in Germany and the Far East is that precisely zero effort has been made to Americanize the host countries, beyond the invincible reaches of Coca-Cola and McDonald's. We insisted, in Japan and Berlin, only that the conquered countries adopt liberal reforms, which they did. What is it that would cause George W. Bush to wish to deploy troops abroad other than to guard against accretions of weapons of mass destruction?

One need not doubt the president's motives, while still advising him that it is time to talk to the American people directly on the point: What do we want, beyond immobilizing Saddam Hussein?

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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DAVID FRUM

Deadly Dangerous

"At some times I feel like a member of the Jewish community in Germany in the latter stages of the Weimar Republic."—Ibrahim Hooper, Council on American-Islamic Relations, quoted in the Washington Post, *November 30, 2002*

YOU have to give CAIR's Mr. Hooper credit: The man certainly knows how to turn a phrase. "Turn" is the operative word. On the very same weekend that the newspapers of the world reported that Muslim extremists fired on an Israeli passenger jet in order to murder the 261 people aboard—and that other Muslim extremists detonated suicide bombs at an Israeli-owned hotel in Kenya, killing thirteen—Mr. Hooper frets that it is the United States that is going Nazi. That is some reversal of reality.

The year since September 11 has put American tolerance to an extreme test—and Americans have passed with honors and gold stars. In all of 2001, the most stressful and frightening year since 1962, there were 554 victims of anti-Islamic offenses in the U.S., according to the annual report on hate crimes released by the FBI in the last week of November. That's obviously 554 too many. On the other hand, it is only half as many as the number of victims of anti-Jewish offenses: 1,196. And unlike hate crimes against *homosexuals*, 665 of which inflicted violence on their victims, more than 80 percent of the anti-Islamic offenses in 2001 involved only vandalism or threats.

On the extremely rare occasions that anti-Muslim violence does occur, it is swiftly and severely punished. In 2001, there were three murders in the United States motivated by anti-Muslim prejudice. The man who committed the first murder was insane; the killer responsible for the next two has been sentenced to death by a Texas jury.

The dark night of oppression has clearly not yet descended on the United States. So why Mr. Hooper's mood of foreboding? Why does a man whose own group has co-sponsored rallies at which Jews are compared to apes suddenly feel this remarkable affinity for them?

As Hooper himself told the *Washington Post*, what alarms him now are not the decreasingly common attacks on Muslims as individuals, but the increasingly common criticisms he hears of Islam as a religion and a culture.

Some of these statements have indeed been intemperate. When Franklin Graham called Islam an "evil" religion, I found myself recalling the words of James: "Every good endowment and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change." Who would deny that many millions of people have been inspired to good and holy acts by the words of the Koran and the teachings of Mohammad?

On the other hand, criticism—even strident and unjust criticism—is something that most organized religions in our democratic society have learned to tolerate. Most—but not all. Compare two recent cases, one famous, one not.

Harvard professor Daniel Goldhagen is an international intellectual celebrity. His first book, which blamed German society and culture for the Holocaust, was a best-seller here and in Germany too. His second one, *A Moral Reckoning*, argues that the Roman Catholic Church—not just the Pope, but the entire hierarchy and the ancient doctrines—should be regarded as complicit in the century's greatest crime.

Strong stuff, and it has been strongly resented by many Catholics. Yet so far as I know, no Catholic has tried to kill Goldhagen—the very idea would be ridiculous. When he lectures at universities, nobody shouts him down. Nobody tries to intimidate his publishers into discontinuing his work.

Now consider the story of Bat Ye'or. The week before Goldhagen's book hit the racks, Ye'or came to Washington, D.C., to lecture at Georgetown University. Like Goldhagen's, her work concerns the maltreatment of religious minorities by a dominant religious group. But the dominant religion she studies is Islam, and the minorities whose stories she tells are the *dhimmi*: Christians, Jews, and Zoroastrians under Muslim rule.

Hers is a deadly dangerous subject. From Pakistan to Britain, from Nigeria to France, writers who express skepticism about the teachings or record of Islam risk violent death. Bat Ye'or is a very great scholar: original, authoritative, lucid. But she must publish under a pseudonym: Bat Ye'or, "daughter of the Nile"—for she was born in Egypt and driven into exile by anti-Semitic persecution in the 1950s. Her native language is French, but her French publisher timidly let her book go out of print, despite scholarly accolades and strong sales. When she spoke at Georgetown, irate Muslim students shouted her down, unreprimanded by their university, and the same thing happened to her at the University of London and at Brown.

I spoke to Ye'or recently by telephone, and mentioned the difference between the reception of her work and that of scholars like Goldhagen. "You can speak about Christian anti-Semitism," she said, "just as my Christian friends can speak to me about Jewish anti-Christian attitudes. It is a totally different attitude from the *dhimmi* system, where free speech is not tolerated."

During the civil-rights struggles of the 1950s and '60s, we learned to think in terms of persecuted minorities and persecuting majorities. The idea that there might be some within a minority group who aspire to something more than equality is deeply alien to us. But it is not alien to those waging terror war on the West. "In the Islamic world, no *dhimmi* could ever criticize anything done by a Muslim," Ye'or explains. "This mentality has now migrated here."

The *dhimmi* mentality can borrow the language of equality and tolerance. But equality and tolerance are not its goals. Under the rules of jihad and *dhimmitude*, Ye'or observes, "you cannot criticize the system that condemns you to war or to subjugation." But under the rules of Western civilization, fair and truthful criticism is not only permissible: It is a duty. And so Ye'or urges: "You cannot become conditioned by the person who wants to dominate you. You cannot let yourself be intimidated. You must struggle to keep your liberty." **NR**

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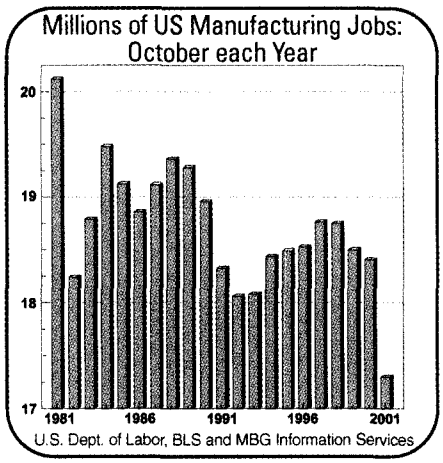
Will Our Working Class Remain A Middle Class?

For most of modern history, most countries' working classes have been lower classes. Their exploitation has brought on dictatorships and wars, and they remain powderkegs all around the world.

America's working class, however, has been a middle class – a bulwark of our democracy as well as our prosperity. And much of the reason stems from modern America's creation over the years of tens of millions of manufacturing jobs, which have paid well enough to enable the typical family to live the American dream.



Many manufacturing jobs still permit Americans without a college degree (75 percent of our workers) to own homes, pay for their children's higher education, and retire in comfort. These jobs also often enable a single breadwinner to support a middle class family – which can make preserving marriages and raising children much easier.

Today, however, these jobs are rapidly vanishing. Since peaking in 1979, manufacturing employment has fallen nearly 19 percent. More than one million manufacturing jobs were lost in the past year alone. Manufacturing wages have fallen, too, down nearly 10 percent from their 1978 peak. The service jobs that replaced them pay less and offer few, if any, benefits.

Although some manufacturing jobs have been lost to progress, many others have been lost to government policies that encourage producing goods for the American market in foreign factories.

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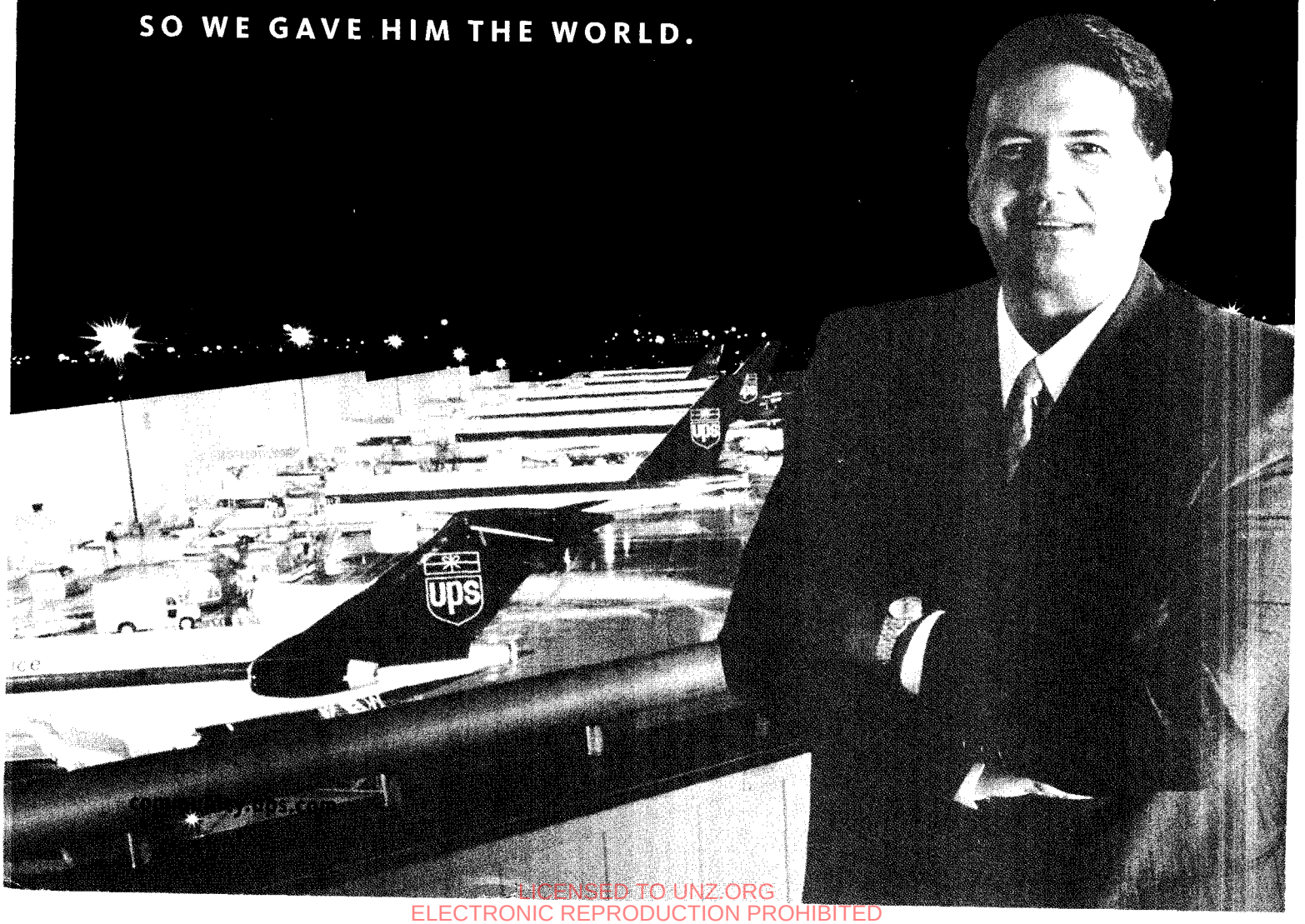

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